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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

Editor The Chronicle:—

Ordinarily I do not reply to assaults like that made upon me by the author of the letter published in your issue of March 5.

During a long career as a writer for the press I have ceased to take them to heart or allow them to disturb me. But as you seem to share the views of this gentleman, and to demand an "answer" to his fulminations, here it is, as briefly as I can manage:

Back in the fall when the blood stock auctions were held in England, I contributed to your magazine an article calling attention to the phenomenally high prices paid for horses of all kinds. They were considering the war conditions, astounding.

In the connection I also adverted upon the beggarly ones paid about the same time at the American auctions; saying that it was impossible logically to co-ordinate the two sets of figures when, in especial, racing in England was reduced, for the duration, to such small dimensions, and breeding being carried on under such great difficulties (I have just been reading about the bomb-shelter built for a famous stallion, where he spends much of his time underground.)

No farther criticism was made. But as these same prices continued to create comment, and one editor of an American turf journal even went so far as to intimate that they were "phony"—something that I did not and would not have even thought of doing—it evidently produced repercussions "Over There"; which finally resulted in the letter of Colonel Rogers, which I printed, exactly as written, in my department in your issue of February 19, with brief comment by myself.

This comment, boiled down from its original not lengthy context, was to the effect that Colonel Rogers' letter would lead one to infer that the prices were the result of a species of financial manipulation, by which the tax-collector was not getting the best of it.

That at least, was all one could be justified in making out of the very ingenious explanation which Colonel Rogers brought forward as submitted to him.... I do not ask anybody to take my word for this. Colonel Rogers' letter is right there in The Chronicle, as printed verbatim from the original document, which I returned to the editor for that purpose.

After mentioning these facts I closed my article with the following
Continued on Page Five

Results Given On Cleveland Armory Schooling Shows

BY GEORGE P. CARTER

These shows are proving even more of a success than we had hoped. The first show we had about 125 entries. Last Sunday (Feb. 14th) we had over 100 in spite of zero weather and a blizzard. Enclosed is a list of the winners in the 2nd schooling show. Barbara Black, Kate Ireland and Joe O'Neill each scooped 2 first places for the event. It is as you know for children under 19. These shows will help them for the bigger shows we will be able to hold later on. By the way, these O'Neill's are all children of the polo families, but I can't tell you just which families they are exactly from. It is a great outfit anyway and their grandfather has reason to be proud of them. By the way, while Lou Collister officiated at this one and did a wonderful job, Hank Evinger is due to handle the next.

Class No. 1 Division A—Working hunter (rider 13 years and over)—
1st. American Lady, Barbara Black;
2nd. Hunger Hill, Shirley O'Brien;
3rd. Brown Sugar, Sally Bassichis;
Continued on Page Four

Finds Foxhunting A Very Pleasant Form Of Lunacy

By DeCOURCY WRIGHT

My first experience in the Irish hunting-field was in January, 1935, when my daughter and I landed at Cobh, and soon thereafter made the acquaintance of the Master of the United Hunt and his wife. Little time was lost before arrangements were made to provide us with horses, and the second day after landing, we found ourselves at a meet at a place called Glenville. We had a disappointing days sport, but it served very well to introduce us to the country and to the friendly people who made up the Field. The next day was somewhat better, and again the one following. Of the fourth day, however, I have this entry in my very brief diary: "Two great hunts, the best ever!"

The meet was at a place called Water Grass Hill, a little gray village, strung along a hard-surface road, "tarmac" they call it. We were told that this was a famous meeting place, and the centre of the best United Country. It was not long before we began to understand why this was
Continued on Page Five

Steeplechasing

Middleburg And Iroquois Are Making Preparations For Meetings To Suit Times

With the ban lifted on sliced bread, and other bans due consideration, who knows but what we may all motor in style to the events which will be held in the field and the race courses this year. There has been some discussion that the ban on pleasure driving will be eliminated and thereby make it possible for people to attend their favorite hunt meets, point-to-points and horse shows.

At least one place hasn't had to worry about pleasure driving and that is Tennessee. The Volunteer State Horsemen's Association has gone ahead with plans for the Third Annual Iroquois Steeplechase and other races which are just outside of Nashville. They have even figured out how much gas will be necessary to go to the race course and make the return trip.

All indications are that they will have another good meet this year. They have fairly definite assurance that P. T. Cheff of Holland, Michigan will be back with two entries; Lowry Watkins of Louisville will be back with Rockmayne, winner of the two previous runnings of the Iroquois Memorial, and E. M. Jordon of Hickman Mills, Missouri will be back with Sir John S, the runner-up of last year's race. John Sloan, chairman of the publicity committee, reports that he has Bank Robber, 3rd in the 1941 running, in training again for this year and at the present time he is working fine. Mr. Sloan states that if they can escape the "jinx" which has followed Bank Robber for the past two years, he should make a good showing this year.

It is reported that Louis Duffey, now stationed at the Nashville Aviation Classification Center, might ride in the Iroquois. Louis is well known in the Virginia hunting country and is an outstanding horseman. It will be nothing new to him to ride between the flags again and should be great fun.

Middleburg, where even our local restaurant sports glasses quoting, "In the heart of the hunt country", is carrying on its point-to-point and hunt race meeting. Saturday, March 27 is the day of the point-to-point and there are two classes scheduled for that day. The main class will be run for the Middleburg Bowl and the recent addition is a ladies' class. The entrance fee for the latter is the same as for the Middleburg Bowl, \$5.00 if paid by March 20th and a post entry fee of \$10.00. Crompton Smith, who
Continued on Page Four

The Palingenesis Of Geoffrey Gambado

By Expositor

Those of my readers who are well versed in the writings of antiquity and who remember the fragments from the fertile brain of Geoffrey Gambado, which were discovered and published nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, will recall that no small part of their merit lay in his wise and lucid replies to the many inquiries addressed to him by correspondents seeking solutions to vexing conundrums. By one of those strange coincidences which ever make life more remarkable than fiction, your present benefactor has found among this latest bonanza similar epistles and replies.

Some of these having to do with matters which are engaging the attention of all of us at this particular moment,—namely, war, taxes, and economic problems, I have decided to interpolate at this point a few of the most interesting in that series of articles dealing with sporting matters which it is hoped you have been perusing with pleasure and profit.

That Gambado who, until he undertook his first, last, and tragic journey to Venice, had never traveled six miles from his birth-place, should be able to speak with authority and wisdom on such complex subjects may surprise many readers. Suffice to say that a man who was never known to have ridden upon a horse and yet was able to instruct, advise, and enlighten the world in the noble art of horsemanship would never "come a cropper" in matters of statecraft, taxation or domestic economy! Nor is this a strange phenomenon. The important administrative officers of our present omniscient government but prove the soundness of this principle. Does not a gentleman farmer guide the destinies of our Treasury, a purchasing agent direct a production program staggering in its conception, and a railroad president save us, in spite of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, from a rubber shortage? If men who have spent their whole lives in the cloistered atmosphere of great universities are suddenly charged with the practical solution of our vast economic problems, why shouldn't a man who has never owned a book, and indeed could not read one if it were placed in his hands, why should not such
Continued on Page Eleven

Hunting Notes:-



TO THE MASTERS

We ask you to send in notes to the BERRYVILLE office each week. Hunting men away in the service read their Chronicle, we send it to them.

TRYON HOUNDS

Tryon,
North Carolina.
Established 1926.
Recognized 1935.



Dear Editor,

I am sending you with this letter a little article which after reading, you can use some time when you are short of material, that is if it is worth while.

We have had very fair hunting here all winter. The sport has been good and we have enjoyed some excellent live hunts. Huntsman Arthur Reynolds has a fine young entry of hounds whelped here last spring.

A new member of the field during the winter is the charming Miss Betty Ferguson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ferguson of Detroit. They have only been in this country for two years. Formerly they lived in Belfast and hunted with the Stag-hounds. Mr. Ferguson is the father of the famous Ford-Ferguson system of tractors and farm equipment. They are occupying the Lefty Flynn place in the hunting country.

The hounds had the pleasure of a week end visit from The Master. Jack Kimberley, who has been doing such a swell job as one of the major directors of WPB., in Washington. During the past month the Ernest Mohlers spent a fortnight at their Clanquhin farm and Mr. Mohler and Miss Polly enjoyed the wonderfully spring like weather as well as several good runs. They will be back for another short holiday in March. We expect to continue hunting until April. Young Carter Brown has come home from College, having received his call to the Air Corps. He and his brother Austin have been getting a couple of likely prospects ready for the Carolina Cup. Failing to have a chance to show their class there they will be taken to the Detroit Fair Grounds, where steeplechasing will have its introduction this summer. One of these prospects is **Valn One—Whichone** out of **Vanity Fair** (dam of **Ostend**). He is a 4-year-old and showing exceptional ability over fences, with a terrific burst of speed. The other is a former hunter of the Ernest Mohlers by **Crucifixion**.

The Detroit meeting will have two races a week with some stake classes giving as much as \$5,000. The ever alert Pex Nichols, ex-master of Metamora, and Charlie Pierce are the two Detroiters responsible for bringing steeplechasing to Detroit.

Whether Tryon will have a Horse Show, hunter trials or anything else of this kind for the general public

Meadow Brook

The Run Of December 24th.

BY BOBBY HEWLETT

Twass the end of the hunt; night had begun.

Sharp-edged gray clouds were covering the sun.

Allison stood on a feathergrass knoll, Counting his hounds and taking the toll

Of those who came back to him, limping and sore, Twanging his horn for still two couple more:

Remembering the fence where Rifle did fall, Where the Lark met his in the ditch by the wall:

Remembering the galloping miles after miles, Putting horse, hound, and fox to the severest of trials:

But remembering the joy and the keenness of all, As they followed, ne'er faltering, oe'r fence and oe'r wall:

Remembering the fire in each horse's eye, The courage and daring of each hound's clear cry:

Remembering the den where they'd killed this great fox, Crawling wearily into his hole in the rocks:

Remembering the wildness of cold, rushing air, As they'd chased Red Reynard to his faraway lair.

And now he stood blowing to four hounds to come back, To go home to the kennels and back to the pack.

Domino's splotches showed in the fast-dying light. He and Dinder came out from the pines on the right.

has not been announced by the Riding and Hunt Club, but there will be the regular barbecue and day for the farmers, landowners and country people in April.

Best to your good paper which gets better and more interesting as the material seems harder to get.

Sincerely

Carter P. Brown
Pine Crest Inn, Tryon, N. C.

GENESEE VALLEY HUNT

Geneseo,
New York.
Established 1876.
Recognized 1894.



The Genesee Valley Hunt had a fairly good but very short season. The late oat harvest, due to much rain, made it impossible to start cubbing until Sept. 1st, two weeks later than usual, and sub-zero temperatures and blizzards put an end to hunting on the last day of November. The hoped for "January thaw" which often gives us our best sport, arrived with heavy rains, melting the big snow drifts, and adding so much water to the ground, already very wet from November rain, that the uplands were knee deep in mud and the river flats completely flooded. Hunting was out of the question. Then winter set in again.

In spite of all this we had some good sport, while it lasted. Foxes were plentiful, (as were also, unfortunately, deer). On week days the fields were small, but on Saturdays there were often twenty-five to thirty out, which was better than we expected in these times.

Just how we are going to manage next season is still a question. Most of the field come from Rochester, and if the ban on pleasure driving continues, it will be hard for them to get here. There are, however, busses which run from the city the full length of our hunting country, and we hope that if we have all our meets on the bus route, many people will be able to get to them. We expect to keep going.—E. D. Mulligan

Allison's horn twanged, and twanged once again, When over the hill came limping the twain.

Clamor, the pup, had a thorn in his pad, And Cavalier's thigh had a cut that was bad.

But the whole pack was there, so Allison stood, Bared his head and gave thanks for all that was good:

For his horse and his hounds, for his home and his wife: For this day, for the fox, for the run of his life,

And prayed that fox-hunting might never stop. Then he replaced his cap and picked up his crop.

He looked at the sunset as he was turning to leave, And remembered the Christ Child was born on this Eve.

Old Bryn Mawr Show Grounds To Be Made A Recreation Center

The old Bryn Mawr Horse Show grounds will be made available as a public playground and recreation center for the people of Lower Merion and Haverford Townships, in which it is located. The Committee on Recreation appointed jointly by those township boards of commissioners will supervise its equipment and maintenance. Work will start as soon as weather permits, in adapting the 60-acre plot at Bryn Mawr, on Philadelphia's famed "Main Line", to the requirements of a completely equipped playground, on which there will be baseball field, tennis courts, volley ball, football fields, hockey, soccer, cricket, etc. The old Bryn Mawr Polo Club house will be utilized for various purposes connected with the project.

The playground will be mainly on the old polo field. The Bryn Mawr Horse Show oval, with its grandstands, will remain for the present. The directors of the horse show have postponed for the duration of the war the show, but not disbanded nor decided to liquidate the Bryn Mawr Horse Show, which was founded in 1896. The horse show was first held on this plot in 1910.

Decision to go ahead with the work in making the plot into a playground was made at a meeting of the Joint Recreation Committee, at which St. George Bond, secretary of the Bryn Mawr Horse Show Association, represented the show association.

New Scoring Card For Beginners In Jumping At Tryon

For beginners jumping over the inside course in the Junior Horseman's Show at Tryon, N. C., the following method of scoring has been arranged:

1. Posture on the horse, 10 points.
2. Position of hands, arms, legs and feet, 10 points.
3. Ability to make horse walk, trot, canter and halt, 5 points each.
4. Control of mount approaching jump, 10 points; position and control over jump, 10 points; control of mount after jumping, 10 points.
5. The child's reactions to adversity (such as runout, refusal, etc.) 5 points.
6. Four questions. 20 points for perfect answers.

Contestants making a total of 95 points will have a perfect score.

WM. WRIGHT

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BREWSTER ROAD COACH

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Tel. PEapack 571

The Sporting Calendar

You can help us by sending in notices of any events you know of that do not appear in this Calendar.

Racing

FEBRUARY

22-Mar. 27—Oaklawn Jockey Club, Hot Springs, Ark. 30 days.

MARCH

6-June 6. Hipodrome De Las Americas, Jockey Club, De La Ciudad De Mexico. 42 days or more.

HANDICAP DE LA CIUDAD DE MEXICO, 1 ml., 3-yr.-olds, May 9.....17,000 Pesos Added
DERBY MEXICANO, 1 1-8 ml., 3-yr.-olds, May 16.....50,000 Pesos Added
HANDICAP NACIONAL, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, May 23.....20,000 Pesos Added
STAKES DE LA CONDESA, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds, May 27.....6,250 Pesos Added
HANDICAP DE LAS AMERICAS, 1 1-4 ml., 3 & up, May 30.....100,000 Pesos Added
STAKES JOCKEY CLUB MEXICANO 7 f., 3 & up, June 3.....6,250 Pesos Added
HANDICAP PRESIDENCIAL, 1 1-8 ml., 3 & up, June 6.....50,000 Pesos Added (Stakes nominations close May 1, 1943 except Mexican Bred or Owned Stakes).

APRIL

8-May 8—Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I. 27 days.
EXPERIMENTAL FREE HANDICAP, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Thurs., April 8.....\$5,000 Added
PAUMONOK HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat. April 10.....\$7,500 Added
WOOD MEMORIAL, 1 1-16 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., April 17.....\$25,000 Added
EXCELSOR HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat. April 24.....\$10,000 Added
ROSEDALE STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Wed., April 28.....\$5,000 Added
JAMAICA HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., May 1.....\$5,000 Added
YOUTHFUL STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds, Wed., May 5.....\$5,000 Added
GREY LAG HANDICAP, 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, Sat., May 8.....\$15,000 Added

22-May 8—Marvland Jockey Club, Pimlico Race-track, Baltimore, Md.
BALTIMORE SPRING HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., April 24.....\$2,500 Added
GITTINGS HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Tues., April 27.....\$2,500 Added
DIXIE HANDICAP, 1 3-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., May 1.....\$20,000 Added
JERRY SPENCER CHASE 'CAP, 2 ml., 4 & up, Mon., May 3.....\$2,500 Added
THE SURVIVOR, 1 1-16 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., May 4.....\$2,500 Added
PIMLICO OAKS, 1 1-16 ml., 3-yr.-old fillies, Wed., May 5.....\$10,000 Added
PIMLICO NURSERY, 4 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, Fri., May 7.....\$2,500 Added
THE PREAKNESS, 1 3-16 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., May 8.....\$50,000 Added (Supplementary entries to the Preakness close Thursday, April 15, 1943.)

24-May 15—Churchill Downs Spring Meeting, Louisville, Kentucky.
THE CLARK 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., April 24.....\$2,500 Added
THE DERBY TRIAL, 1 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., April 27.....\$2,500 Added
THE DEBUTANTE, 5 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Wed., April 28.....\$2,500 Added
THE CHURCHILL DOWNS 'CAP, 1 ml., 3 & up, Thurs., April 29.....\$2,500 Added
THE BASHFORD MANOR STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-old colts & geldings, Fri., April 30.....\$2,500 Added
THE KENTUCKY DERBY, 1 1/4 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., May 1.....\$75,000 Added
THE KENTUCKY OAKS, 1 1-16 ml., 3-yr.-old fillies, Sat., May 8.....\$5,000 Added
THE KENTUCKY 'CAP, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Sat., May 15.....\$2,500 Added

MAY

1-15—Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill. 13 days.
10-June 5—Belmont Park, Westchester Racing Assn., Long Island, N. Y.
17-June 19—Lincoln Fields Jockey Club, Inc., Crete, Ill. 30 days.
22-29—Woodbine Park, Ontario Jockey Club, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
29-July 5—Fairmount Park Jockey Club, Collinsville, Ill. 28 days.
31-June 7—Thorncliffe Park, Thorncliffe Park Racing & Breeding Assn., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

JUNE

8-15—Long Branch, Long Branch Jockey Club, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
18-23—Dufferin Park, Metropolitan Racing Assn. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
21-July 31—Arlington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Arlington Heights, Ill. 36 days.
24-July 1—Hamilton, Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.
28-July 24—Empire City Racing Assn., Yonkers, N. Y.
7-26—Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. 18 days.

JULY

7-Sept. 11—Garden State Racing Ass'n., Camden, N. J. No racing Mondays, Sept. 6 excepted 50 days.
31-Aug. 19—Arcot Park, Akron, Ohio. 19 days.
31-Aug. 7—Hamilton, Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

AUGUST

2-Sept. 6—Washington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Homewood, Ill. 31 days.
28-Oct. 9—Fairmount Park Jockey Club, Collinsville, Ill. 22 days.
30-Sept. 18—Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. 18 days.

SEPTEMBER

7-Oct. 16—Hawthorne, Chicago Business Men's Racing Assn., Cicero, Ill. 35 days.
28-Oct. 9—Belmont Park, Westchester Racing Assn., Long Island, N. Y.
25-Oct. 2—Woodbine Park, Ontario Jockey Club, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
11-18—Thorncliffe Park, Thorncliffe Park Racing & Breeding Assn., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

OCTOBER

6-13—Long Branch, Long Branch Jockey Club, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
11-20—Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I. 9 days.
18-23—Dufferin Park, Metropolitan Racing Assn. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
18-30—Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill. 12 days.
21-Nov. 3—Empire City Racing Assn., Yonkers, N. Y.

Horse Shows

APRIL

7—26th Annual Pinehurst Horse Show, N. C.

MAY

9—Corinthian Club, Md.
15—Doughoregan Manor, Howard County, Md.
22—Humane Society of Baltimore County, Pikesville, Md.
29—Sherwood Horse and Pony Show, Timonium, Md.
29-30—Deep Run Horse Show, Curles Neck, Va.

JUNE

5—Long Green, Baldwin, Md.
12—St. Margaret's Hunt Club, Annapolis, Md.
19—Greystone Horse and Pony Show, Md.

AUGUST

14—Westminster Riding Club, Inc., Westminster, Md.
21—Long Green Carnival, Long Green, Md.

SEPTEMBER

6—St. Margaret's Church, Annapolis, Md.
18—Pikesville Kiwanis Club, Pikesville, Md.

Hunt Meetings

APRIL

10—Glenwood Park Course, Middleburg Hunt, Va.

MAY

6—Volunteer State Horseman's Association, Nashville, Tenn.

Teaching Them To Back

There was a reminder in the article by Lieutenant Yozell about backing your horse. I remember having it impressed on me especially one day at Fort Reno. Jim Minnick had a bunch of ponies there to play in the tournament and an Englishman of polo note was down to visit Alex Jones and buy ponies. I was out there working over a pony or two in the morning and did not pay particular attention to the Englishman, save that I saw he knew what he was about. I did notice how ever that each pony he mounted, he tried them for backing before he went any further, any that would not flex and respond, he promptly got off. To this day, I believe he had the right idea, though a horse can be

Hunter Trials

APRIL

4—Deep Run Hunter Trials, Curles Neck, Va.
18—Deep Run Junior Hunter Trials, Curles Neck, Va.

Point-To-Points

MARCH

27—Middleburg Bowl, Middleburg, Va.

taught to back by severer means, it is a question in my mind if he will loosen up to do so, in such manner as will make that particular movement of value. Certain is is general flexion is the answer to all things one may ask of the mount, whether he be polo pony, hunter or what have you.

Ivan G. Harmon who played a fair game at No. 4 on one of our Ponca City Teams back in the early 1920's went out and bought himself a long backed, just fair type of big mare, the sort one could see at a glance would be stiff all over. He had had drummed into him the necessity of backing his mounts—but he had so fallen in love with this mare that he overlooked the fault or, if he had noticed it at all in the excitement of the "find", he had probably figured she could not be taught. But the mare could not be taught, at least by Van, so one day he rode casually up to my stable and started to talk about the trouble, in a weak moment I told him to bring her up to me and leave her for a few days, maybe I could get the job done.

In very short order, Wes, who was Van's very lazy factotum, brought the mare up and I started to take stock of the trouble, or troubles—for there were many. But the seat of

Continued on Page Six



Bulletin Board

SERVICE RATES—

A reminder that rates for men in the services are \$3. When unable to receive the paper, that part of the time will be added to the unexpired portion due.

SALES—

The time of the year is coming when the spring sales of cattle as well as horses will be held. We have received reservations for some of them. Advertisers are particularly successful with our insertions. USE US.

THE ARMY—

We give you a message from the General in command of the Services of Supply of our Army. It is the first positive information given out by the General Staff as to their use of animals.

MAP—

We offer a map showing the standing of stallions by states, as compared to 1942, it is interesting.



Horsemen's News-



Steeplechasing

Continued from Page One

is the main force behind the point-to-point, said that the prize for the ladies' race would be something which could be used, not something to occupy space. The only conditions of the ladies' race will be that both the riders and horses shall be non-winners of any point-to-points. The weight question is settled by the announcement that catch-weights are the order of the day. The event will take place over the same course over which the Middleburg Bowl is run.

The Middleburg Hunt Meet was cancelled last November because of conflicting dates with the United Hunts meet at Belmont. However, the spring meet will be held at the Glenwood Park course Saturday, April 10. As no entry fees will be charged, no money purses will be given. The trophies for each race will be donated.

In order that the course may be properly prepared for the meet, private subscriptions will be made to pay for the labor so that when the first race is called at 3 o'clock p. m., everything will be paid for. On the day of the meet, the question of men to remove the wings and take care of other jobs necessary to the day's racing, will be taken care of by local people who will send men from their places to take care of the work. In this way the events will be able to move along smoothly as they did in former years when men were hired for the day's work.

The opening event of the day will be The Wanquepin for 3-year-olds and upward, abt. 1½ miles over hurdles. The conditions are: weights: 3-year-olds, 135 lbs.; 4-year-olds, 142 lbs.; 5-year-olds, 150 lbs.; older, 152 lbs. Winners in 1942: of \$700 or 2 races, 3 lbs. extra; of \$700 twice or 3 races, 5 lbs.; of \$700 three times or 4 races, 8 lbs. Non-winners in 1942 allowed 3 lbs.; in 1941-42, if 4-years old or upward, 5 lbs.; maidens, 5 years old, 7 lbs.; older, 10 lbs.

It has been decided to add The Cobert for 3-year-olds and upward, about 1 mile on the flat, to the original card announced. Weights: 3-year-olds, 142 lbs.; 4-year-olds, 154 lbs.; older, 156 lbs. Winners in 1942: of \$700, 3 lbs. extra; of \$900, 5 lbs.; of \$900 twice, 7 lbs. Non-winners in 1942: of \$500 allowed 3 lbs.; of a race, 5 lbs.; maidens, 4 years old, 7 lbs.; older, 10 lbs.

The feature race of the day will be the 3rd race, The William Skinner Memorial Steeplechase for 4-year-olds and upward, about 2 miles over brush. Weights: 4-year-olds, 144 lbs.; 5-year-olds, 150 lbs.; older, 152 lbs. Winners in 1942: of \$700 twice, 3 lbs. extra; of \$700 three times, 5 lbs.; of \$2,500 or \$700 four times, 8 lbs. Non-winners in 1942: of \$700 allowed 3 lbs.; of \$500, 5 lbs.; of a race, if 5 years old or upward, 7 lbs.; maidens, if 5 years old or upward, 10 lbs.

The last race of the day will be The Panther Skin Steeplechase for 4-year-olds and upward which have never won two races other than

Schooling Shows

Continued from Page One

4th. Model Boy, Roderick Merrick.

Class No. 1 Division B—Working hunter (rider 12 years and under)—1st. Impulse, Kate Ireland; 2nd. Rena, Louise O'Neill; 3rd. Chance, Robert Paxton; 4th. Don Juan, Leona Glover.

Class No. 2 Division A—Grab Bag (rider to be 13 years and over)—1st. Trouble, Joe O'Neill; 2nd. Raffles, Shirley O'Brien; 3rd. Poncho, Louise Boyd; 4th. Wild Honey, Betty O'Neill.

Class No. 3—Paid class. Road Hacks, privately owned. Open to all—1st. Impulse, Kate Ireland, Chance, Joan Paxton; 2nd. American Lady, Barbara Black, Tinker Top, eBtty O'Neill; 3rd. Lucky, Mary Engle, Belmah, Barbara Engle; 4th. Hard Times, Roderick Merrick, Brown Sugar, Sally Bassichis.

Class No. 4—Potato Race.—1st. Joe O'Neill; 2nd. Betty Hadden; 3rd. Louise Boyd; 4th. Carol Comey.

Class No. 2.—Grab Bag (rider to be 12 years and under).—1st. Wild Honey, Carol Comey; 2nd. Trumpet, Louise O'Neill; 3rd. Buenos, Leona Glover; 4th. Red Wing, Barbara Engle.

Class No. 5—Pairs of hunters or jumpers. Open to all.—1st. American Lady, Barbara Black, Tinker Top, Betty O'Neill; 2nd. Poncho, Betty Hadden, Trumpet, Lois Paxton; 3rd. Hunger Hill, Shirley O'Brien, Majasu, Margot Harris; 4th. Diamond Star, Joe O'Neill, Sue, Mary O'Neill.

These are the results for the Third Schooling Show in Cleveland. This one proved to be of a caliber almost equal to the Annual Shows both in performance and the interest of the on-lookers. The "Knock Down and Out" was particularly good. These young people went to 4-6" in the

hurdles. Weights: 4-year-olds, 145 lbs.; 5-year-olds, 151 lbs.; older, 153 lbs. Winners over hurdles, 3 lbs. extra; over brush, 6 lbs. This event is also about 2 miles over brush.

The following have been asked to act as stewards: Algernon S. Craven, representing the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association; Fletcher Harper, M. F. H. Orange County Hunt Club; William C. Langley, ex-M. F. H. Shelburne and F. Ambrose Clark, ex-M. F. H. Meadowbrook. Crompton Smith will act as the starter; T. Rodrock, clerk of the scales and William Metzger, timer. Phil Connors is the only one thus far who has been asked to act as a patrol judge.

As yet, no definite plans are available concerning steeplechasing in Detroit. The promoters are faced with the difficulty of their date conflicting with Eastern dates, in as much as the periods between the various meetings would not allow enough time for the horses to be shipped to Detroit, schooled, raced and returned for the next meeting. The prospect for steeplechasers in Canada is improving. A buyer was recently in Virginia and purchased 5 'chasers, the names and facts about which are not on hand now. It would seem as though Detroit could anticipate some entries from across the border and of course, their local entries.—N. G. L.

jump off. The winner, Sterling, is a big grey gelding belonging to Mr. Sterling Smith of Ravenna, Ohio. Dorothy Hosford did a splendid job of riding to beat Shirley O'Brien on Hunger Hill. Blaze Turpin, winner of the third ribbon, is a young horse that Mrs. Arthur Laundon bought from Mr. Rigen McKinney last fall. Sterling came originally from around Middleburg.

Our next show will include a class for teams of three hunters or jumpers and also an open jump over a figure eight course. At this time too, the series 'being half over, we eliminate winners of first and second ribbons in the previous shows from further competition in some of the classes in order to give the other riders an opportunity to acquire points toward the final scoring. We find that this keeps the interest of the less skilled riders and prevents them from becoming discouraged before the series is over. You will also notice that the program becomes increasingly difficult.

Class 1. Horsemanship. Privately owned horses. Riders to be 13 years and over. 1st. Diamond Star, Joe O'Neill; 2nd. Blaze Turpin, Shirley O'Brien; 3rd. Chance, Joan Paxton.

Class 2. Fault and Out. Riders to be 12 years and under. Jumps to be about 3 fet. 1st. Crispin, Edith Corning; 2nd. Impulse, Kate Ireland; 3rd. Sweeper, Gertrude Perkins.

Class 3. Pair Class. School owned
Continued on Page Eleven

The Henry Sale

This east coast is fortunate in having a place where a man who wants a horse of a certain usefulness can go and pretty nearly find what he wants. It reminds me of the days of Tattersalls at Knightsbridge Green, or Aldridge's at St. Martin's Lane both in London. If a man could not find what he wanted at one, he could the other. Here at Henry's, Devon, Pa., the assortment is the end to the worries of many a prospective owner. His present sale catalog is here, glancing through, certain offerings catch the eye.

Here is an Irish horse, 9 years and 16.3. He won in Dublin and has hunted right along here. Several of the hunters are of nice age and have been driven to harness, a useful provision, both denoting their dispositions and ability to go do.

Some clean bred mares catch the eye. Some of them quiet to ride and drive, and known foal getters. Especially noticeable is the mare Clifton's Belle, the dam of Ermine Coat, another "Clifton" is Clifton's Mary, both of them by old Coq Gaulois—they carry the earmarks of a wonderful sire.

Then there are a lot of others that one would have to see to form an estimate of—there is no lack of numbers to choose from. Then too Henry says that there are always a lot of "post entries". Its worth going to.

3rd Annual Renewal of The Iroquois Memorial Steeplechase

Saturday, May 8, 1943

Nashville, Tennessee

\$500.00 Purse

The 3rd Annual Renewal of The Iroquois Memorial Steeplechase for a purse of \$500 and The Green Pastures Challenge Cup, given by Mason Houghland, M. F. H., Hillsboro Hounds, will be run Saturday, May 8, 1943 at 4:00 P. M. under the auspices of The Volunteer State Horsemen's Association, according to the rules and regulations of The National Steeplechase and Hunt Association.

Weights, 4-year-olds, 148 lbs.; 5-year-olds, 160 lbs.; 6-year-olds and over, 165 lbs. Mares shall be allowed 5 lbs. Amateur riders holding certificate from National Steeplechase and Hunt Association or eligible for same.

To be run over Percy Warner Park Course, with 16 brush jumps and 2 water jumps. Distance three miles. Course designed by William du Pont.

Marcellus Frost Hunter Steeplechase. \$100.00 silver trophy to winner. No entry fee.

The Truxton Purse. Purse \$150.00 and trophy. 1st: \$75.00; 2nd: \$50.00; 3rd: \$25.00. Entry fee \$5.00.

Iroquois Memorial Steeplechase. Challenge Cup to be won three times by same owner. Purse \$500.00. 1st: \$250.00 and permanent cup. 2nd: \$150.00; 3rd: \$100.00. Entrance fee \$10.00.

Entries close midnight Saturday, May 1, 1943

Mail entries to H. D. HINES, Secretary
Volunteer State Horsemen's Association
P. O. BOX 941 NASHVILLE, TENN.

Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page One

sentences:

"Do you suppose that the billions of American dollars that have been poured into England in the last year or so, under the lend-lease agreement—or the millions of tons of food stuffs, living necessities, of all kinds, war munitions, etc., etc., that have crossed the Atlantic from this side in a geyser-like manifestation, may have had anything to do with it?"

Upon which innocent suggestion I am assaulted by your correspondent as having uttered something "monstrous;" together with numerous other indictments which, altogether, amount to making me out a most infamous and despicable person, indeed!

As I have said in the beginning, under ordinary circumstances I would have paid no attention whatever to such an outburst, especially on the part of a person utterly unknown either to myself or the public. Such unwarranted and frenetic ebullitions are, in plain English, only matters for disdain on the part of any self-respecting writer for the press.

But, as aforesaid, the Editor insists. So I shall comply with his requisition in the shortest possible manner.

Very well then:—

As the merest tyro in either turf or economic affairs is well aware, prices of blood-stock go up and down in response to, and in the same manner as, economic conditions and public affairs.

During World War I, the British market for Thoroughbreds suffered a terrific collapse, although at no time was the country then exposed to the destruction and ravage which have cut such a terrible swath back and forth over the whole extent of Britain in the present one.

At the Newmarket December sales of 1913 (the same annual ones at which the recent phenomenal prices were paid), the year before the opening of World War I, the average price paid was 432 guineas, or \$2,160.

The war began in August, 1914, and at the December sales that year the average fell to but 191 guineas, or but \$955.

The next year, 1915, it fell to 169 guineas, or \$845.

For 1916 it was 173 guineas, or \$865.

For 1917 it was 172 guineas, or \$860.

In 1917 America entered the war, but did not get into action until 1918, when, with her assistance, the Allies triumphed.

The reaction was immediate and immense. That December the sales average at Newmarket was \$1,970, or double as much as the previous year.

Let us turn now to World War II. Premonitions of what was coming had affected prices before the actual outbreak, for all England felt that it was inevitable and not long to be delayed.

From 1936 to 1937 there was a break from 559 to 454 guineas at these same sales.

In 1938 came a much worse one, viz., to but 287gs.

In 1939 the war broke and it was tantamount almost to a collapse, the average falling to 173 gs.

In 1940 it rallied slightly to 217 guineas; but under the terrific impact of the struggle, in 1941 it went

back down to but 184 1-2 gs., or \$922.50.

While America entered the war that same month of December, 1941, it was too late to affect the Newmarket sales.

The highest price paid at the December, 1941, sale, was \$10,000, for the mare *Mercy*, consigned by Lord Rosebery. The highest paid for a yearling was \$8,500 for a filly consigned by Lord Derby. Such stallions as were offered were almost given away or withdrawn.

Yet in the face of such facts and figures as these, my assailant has the presumption to say that "the belief of the English in the future of their blood stock" has brought "their resultant maintaining of the high prices their blood stock has commanded in their own home market for years. Mr. Herve's remark about it only having been high 'for the last few months' notwithstanding."

We have seen just how great and how high these beliefs and figures went in December, 1941.

On the heels of them came America's entry into the war, the formation of another Allied, United, or what you please, front against the Axis, the enactment of the lend-lease agreement, with its unprecedented outpouring of money, food, supplies, munitions, etc., from this country—and lo and behold!

At the December 1942 sales at Newmarket, an untied brood mare (*Olein*) goes for \$85,000 (17,000 guineas).

The average price paid for 413 head of stock sold was 394 gs., or \$1,970.

(In my previous article I gave the price paid for *Olein* as \$68,000. This being the figure quoted in a press cablegram; which was erroneous, the correct one being as above.)

Now, whether my assailant was ignorant of these things or not, he was, in his haste to attack me, denying them point blank.

His other imputations regarding myself are too puerile to warrant any notice other than to say that he has, apparently, tried to concoct an "atrocity story" as preposterous as any that thus far have been put in circulation.

In closing, I wish however to point out one very simple fact—or series of them.

The lend-lease agreement to which reference was made by myself in my original article, as is well known, was formulated principally in order to facilitate aid to Britain that should be immediate and unstinted.

Figures recently released by the U. S. Government state that the following percentages of allotments of lend-lease aid had been apportioned to the British Empire (I quote from press accounts) up to a very recent date:

Agricultural products: United Kingdom, 86.2 per cent, other British territories, 5.6 per cent.

Industrial materials: United Kingdom, 58.3 per cent, other British territories, 23.5 per cent.

Services: United Kingdom, 76.9 per cent.

It is well known that the amount of money poured into the British Isles in the furtherance of their and our war effort on her behalf, and into her dependencies, reaches astronomical figures.

I have been unable to lay my hands upon any definite official figures; but according to press statements, the amount of money that has been loaned to Britain and her dependencies is between one and

Foxhunting Lunacy

Continued from Page One

said. The Master as usual, carried the horn himself, and drawing a nearby cover, soon had a fox away which carried us at a merry pace, across a grand country for about eight miles before he was marked to ground. The enclosures were all bounded by banks, wide enough for a horse to alight on top, shift his feet and jump off. Often there were ditches, along with the banks, which had to be cleared, sometimes on the near side and sometimes on the far side. My

two billions of dollars; which sum, of course, is constantly being augmented by fresh loans.

The amount of food-stuffs, supplies, munitions, etc., that she has received, and is continuing to receive in a steady stream, mounts high into the millions of tons, as previously stated, though exact figures cannot be quoted.

The response to these things in the blood stock sales at Newmarket is not extraordinary in view of what has happened before, except as regards its gargantuan proportions, and these the readers of The Chronicle have had interpreted to them by Colonel Rogers and the eminent British authority that he quotes.

The above communication is not to be construed as in any way a defense, an apology or a retraction of anything in my former ones but as a statement of facts.

Yours sincerely,

SALVATOR.

Postscript:—I have throughout figured the guinea at the valuation of \$5.00 in our money. Exchange fluctuates and at present, I believe, that of the guinea is supposed to be not \$5.00 but \$4.00. However, it has always been customary in figuring the prices paid for English horses, the sums won by them, their stallion fees, etc., etc., at the \$5.00 rate.

Note:—I am sorry that Salvator should think that I justified the letter to which he refers, by my editorial comment. I was glad however to have someone bring more information from Salvator on something that apparently was not closed. His present column, as is always the case with a column which we have all learned to love and respect, has clearly given the details of his line of thought and we are grateful for his courtesy in giving it to us. Editor.

daughter and I managed to see all of the hunt and finish in good shape, but a few of the others came to grief, sometimes getting into the most bewildering predicaments, but apparently coming out of them with nothing worse than muddy clothes. I remember once when we jumped on top of a bank, there was a ditch on the far side, in which a horse lay upside

Continued on Page Ten

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When Ireland Was Ireland

(From the Irish Field Jan. 23-43)

Whenever it is good for horsemen to have a drop of morale builder, bulider-upper, or whatever you care to call it, it is safe to call on the Irish. Now here is where The "Irish Field" called on the "Horse and Hound" and so legitimately it comes over here to us of "The Chronicle", the young cousin of these two papers of the horse which everyone should treat with proper respect, for they are deserving of it. We have given this story a name, The Irish Field called it "Baron" Rintoul at the Curragh, many of us don't know where the Curragh is, nor have we heard of Baron Rintoul, but we all know of the Irish and Ireland; way down deep perhaps we might hope that some of our forebears came from that Emerald Isle. D. L. H.

A Tale of a visit to the Curragh by Tom Rintoul, and the replenishing of his coffers through the advice of Senator J. J. Parkinson, forms part of an interesting letter from Mr. James Green, of Didcot, in a recent issue of *Horse and Hound*.

It was, writes Mr. Green, through the good graces of Mr. Joseph Widger that Tom Rintoul was introduced into the game proper. In those days Joe Widger held a lease of The Paddocks, Portslade, where *Wild Man From Borneo* was trained for the Grand National of 1895, and he used to bring a team of jumpers from Ireland each winter for the jumping season, they returning at the close of the National Hunt season. It was during one of these periods that Tom made the acquaintance of the Waterford sportsman, and eventually lent him a hand, taking over the bookkeeping and superintending the saddling of runners, etc.

Here let me mention that Tom Rintoul was a great believer in appearance and carried it out to the full: Sandon (Savile Row) tailored, Maxwell (Dover street) shod, Henry Heath for hats, and so on, and this immaculate style of dress had earned him the nickname of "The Baron."

Old-timers will recall Challis's Hotel, Coventry street (where Lyons's Corner House now stands) as being the rendezvous of the racing fraternity, and incidentally, the hostelry for Irish racegoers when in London. If you knew any particular Irishman was over—you could be sure of running him to ground at Challis's.

At this particular time things were not too rosy for "The Baron," and on such occasions he was wont to put into practice some advice given him by that lovable battler of those times, Parson Parkes. "My boy, you must go out and get it—not wait for the postman to bring it." Into Challis's strolled "The Baron," and contacted Tom Vigors, who contributed the Irish racing articles each week to *The Sportsman* under the nom-de-plume of "Black-thorn". Tom Vigors was leaving that evening for the Curragh races on the following day, and our friend made one of those also on the Irish mail boat that night.

After a refresher in Dublin, Tom pulled out for Kildare in great form well groomed as always, glasses, gloves, the eternal red carnation, and Corona Corona, but, as he remarked himself, "travelling light."

Approaching the paddock entrance he sighted Mr. J. J. Parkinson, the

Curragh trainer, who, by the way, was invincible at that time. A sprint brought him alongside, and after an exchange of greetings was passed in; that was the first winner backed. The large number of winners that were going to Senator Parkinson gave him the form at his finger tips, and, plus sound judgment, enabled him to say "Yes" or "No" when asked for his opinion. When the money was down it seldom miscarried.

It so happened that he was running a very good mare in the first event owned by Mrs. Sadleir Jackson (afterwards Mrs. Villiers Morton Jackson) named *Ferarra*, and was on his way to the Ring to express his opinion when he was joined by Tom. Approaching one of the big layers (I believe it was John James), the Senator booked £700 to £200 *Ferarra*. "Same to me", said Thomas, giving his name as Baron Rintoul, which bet was duly entered in the book. Several other good wagers were recorded, finishing up with £500 to £200. "The Baron" found a quiet seat on some ginger beer cases behind the grand stand and awaited the result.

The good thing obliged all right, and "The Baron" broke covert, making a beeline for the bar, and indulged in a bottle of "the boy", which was "taken and wanted," and "taken freely." If I state that this stable had other winners that day readers may draw their own conclusion as to the day's "takings." From that day our friend went full steam ahead.

Going into the weighing-room later to congratulate John Thompson on riding such a great race (Thompson, by the way, had been told the story), "Thanks, Baron," remarked John, "but you are the coolest man ever. You had a stack of money on the race, but yet not interested enough to look on." "No, John; it wasn't that I was disinterested, but I was too unsettled."

It was after this fortunate stroke that "The Baron" got well in with Jack Fallon, and shared in the Druids Lodge good things, which were plentiful at that time. But to his credit he never forgot "Uncle Joe", who started him. The same man started many others.

The Widgers were, and are now, a great family. "Joe" was fortunate in his purchase of cast-offs, one in particular standing out. While attending a Midland meeting a brown gelding by *Enthusiast* out of *Lady Lena* (afterwards named *Charlie*) was put up after finishing unplaced, and knocked down to Joe Widger for a "tenner."

He was just a pony, and feet not too good, but otherwise sound. After a few days he was despatched to Mr. J. J. Parkinson, at Brownstown Lodge, his then place of residence, with the message. "Jim, do the best you can with him." *Charlie* improved, as did most horses that reached these quarters, and, meeting "Uncle Joe" after a week or so, the Senator told him he was satisfied the horse would win a race and in the near future.

Fred Hunter was then an apprentice at this establishment, and was given *Charlie* to "do". He, too, improved as well as the horse. However, the day arrived, and the owner

Tryon's Victory Day Show And Sale To Be Held Early In April

Tryon victory day horse, hound and mule show will be held early in April, says Carter P. Brown, through David W. Roberts of Hartford, comes this information. Tryon Victory Day will have the Annual Landowners Barbecue as well as Square Dancing to Mountain Music during intermission, plus sale of horses and mules during the day.

Prizes for one riding or driving to the Tryon Show the greatest distance as well as the one who arrives by the oddest method to attend will be awarded.

Tryon is located about 25 miles west of Spartanburg on the Southern Ry route to Asheville, N. C. Tryon has always had a surprisingly good show, which Dave Roberts judged last year. They have good hunters and jumpers as well as walking horses, and some gaited classes also. Carter Brown is acting M. F. H. this year it is believed. It is remembered that it is he who has fostered so much activity at Castle Park, up in Michigan. A report of this good sporting event will be reported in *The Chronicle* when it is held.

was invited to attend.

Strange as it may seem, Joe Widger had a rooted objection to backing horses that were not favourite, but he would take 6 to 4 till racing finished. *Charlie* on this occasion was backed from 10 to 1 down to "go to hell", but it was at the latter rate that Joe stepped in to bet. The horse won, and he was satisfied.

Other races fell to this good little horse, and if any reader is in possession of "Ruff's Guide" about 40 years old they will find recorded what a mess the pony made of that great horse, *Wavelet's Pride*, who later won the Great Metropolitan twice on the same day. *Charlie* was some pony, and, to quote the music hall song, "all for ten pound down".

Teaching Them To Back

Continued from Page Three

all the evil was in the total lack of backing desire and the instant setting of all muscles when asked to do so by the usual routine of aides. At long last it was accomplished, she came to back at instant call, but she never did loosen up and flex, though she played a fair game of polo to a certain point. Now I always kept round the stables some short lengths of polo canes, made out of broken mallets, they made excellent working sticks to make green ponies with, twirling them round the head so that they became proof from being in any way shy. After I found the usual methods would not work on the big mare, I took one of these short pieces and put it under the rear of the saddle, crosswise, then started the usual procedure again, thus the cane under where I would squeeze my

Continued on Page Eleven

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FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1943

THE CHRONICLE

PAGE SEVEN

FROM THE SERVICES OF SUPPLY

WAR DEPARTMENT
HEADQUARTERS, SERVICES OF SUPPLY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

February 23, 1943.

Mr. Don. L. Henderson,
Editor, The Chronicle,
Middleburg, Va.

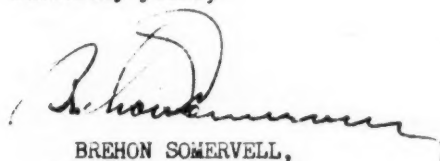
Dear Henderson:

It would be unfortunate indeed if we were to overlook the importance of breeding mares this season to insure an adequate number of horses and mules in 1947-48. We cannot tell exactly what our needs will be in four years, but I am sure that we shall need horses and I feel that continuance of breeding now is not only good economics but good patriotism.

Horses for military purposes may become an important part of the Army's transportation system in some parts of the world. Although it is hoped that we can fully solve the gasoline and rubber problem by other means, it could become necessary to expand the use of animal-drawn transportation for this purpose.

Undoubtedly there will be a large post-war demand for horses from all parts of the world to replace animals which have been war casualties. In our own country we can foresee now the need of horses for small farms as well as large ones where mechanical equipment cannot be obtained. Certainly we should not fail to estimate the potential value of horses in the uncertain and changing picture of war needs and in the restoration of our civilian economy.

Sincerely yours,



BREHON SOMERVELL,
Lieutenant General,
Commanding



This letter is momentous as it is the first message released from the Chief of the Army's Services of Supply, Lieutenant-General Brehon B. Somervell, regarding the important question of animal use by the Army. The General refers only to their use for transportation, as this is his sphere of authority. To refresh the memories of some who may wish to be reminded, the staff of General Marshall is divided as follows:- Marshall plans strategy, Arnold is the air force, McNair trains ground troops and everything else is under Somervell. Baruch said of him "one of the few Americans who really understands total war". Born in Little Rock, Arkansas in 1892, he graduated from the Point within the required number of top cadets to allow of his becoming an officer of the Engineer Corps. His experience has been varied. During the 1st War he was Assistant Chief of Staff of the 89th Division. Then, after the Armistice he was again on the Staff in Coblenz during the Occupation. It is noted that of every four men to enter the Army, one of them will be in the S.O.S., thus it will be realized how gigantic is his task. An army can only be as good as its supply line. His message through The Chronicle is the voice of unquestioned authority.

GAMBADO



Notes From Great Britain

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

Hunting, Racing And Sport Are Contributing Their Share Of Men For War

It has until recent times been believed that those intimately connected with training stables, with horses in general, and the turf in particular, were so single-minded that they could not adapt themselves to any other walk of life. I frankly admit that I was one of those who held this view. In the last war jockeys, trainers, stablemen and others whose life had hitherto been spent amongst racehorses or hunters, went, as a matter of course, into mounted units—cavalry, artillery, transport—or the Veterinary Corps. America and Russia still retain their cavalry and horses but Great Britain (rightly or wrongly), has largely dispensed with the horse as an aid in war. Hence there have been few openings for jockeys, trainers and stablemen to be employed as they were in 1914-19. Recently I have been struck by the rapidity and readiness with which these men and lads have fitted into the war effort in other directions. A number of jockeys are in the Army Veterinary Corps, quite a lot of amateur and professional riders joined the R. A. F. (which is known as "the cavalry of the air"), whilst scores of those well-known on the turf have entered industry. I have from time to time come across some of the latter and have been surprised (just as they are), that they are doing quite a good job of work as engineers, on munitions and so forth. None of us thought this possible, but when the story of the war comes to be written it will be found that hunting, racing and sport generally has supplied as big an average of men to assist the winning of victory as any other body. Incidentally, not a few of those who have joined the R. A. F., have won distinctions.

After The War

A considerable number of jockeys will be too heavy to continue their profession when the war is over and quite a lot of little trainers who have had to close down, will not be able to start again. One regrets this but the long history of the turf has shown that as one jockey, owner and trainer (and one gambler out to beat the ring) drops from the list, others appear to take their place. I am frequently receiving questions as to what has become of this and the other trainer whose stables are empty, or at anyrate empty of racehorses, for the Government has taken over a number of them. This week only I have been asked if Mr. Harold Bazley, the Malton trainer, has retired. I have had a letter from my old friend Harold this week from Spring Cottage, Malton—to which the famous I'Anson family came from Gullane in Scotland, to train classic winners. Mr. Bazley tells me that his last horse has gone—a brood mare which has turned out barren. He has given her away and now has only a pony left in his stables, and has been ordered to plough out some of his paddocks. He tells me that he has been far from well recently and also that his

Horse Psychology Or What Have You?

That is an excellent article from Riley on the horse sense angle of things. I well remember a Colonel Richardson Gardner, when I was a kid, complaining to my grandfather that the worst trouble he had when he left his place at Ensbury to go up to London for a bit of a jaunt or something, was the difficulty he had with his four-in-hand when he came back. The old gentleman would drive in to Bournemouth, a matter of some 4 miles, having to pass on the road the "Wheatseaf", "Horse and Jockey" and the "Hollies", all pubs right on the side of the road, at each of these the Colonel would have the utmost difficulty in keeping his leaders from actually pulling up and all four would make a side swipe into the front of each pub, with the idea of a stopping place, "matter of habit

boy Ben is shortly to receive a commission in the R. A. F.

W. A. Read

I have also been asked what has become of Mr. W. A. Read, who was largely responsible for the laying out of Northolt Park and for the introduction of pony racing in this country. He was in some ways an unfathomable man. I remember lunching with him in St. James' Sq. London, in his palatial house there, to discuss buying undersized racehorses which ran into form in the north and sending them to Northolt. Later I met all the Northolt Park officials at the Pony Turf Club offices, and later still, some of the "heads" came down to Redcar Races to meet me there. Read had a few horses in training both with Capt. Gooch and Leader, and it was generally admitted that he had all his buttons on in turf affairs. He came over here from New Zealand, but I understood him to say that he was born in England. Now he is in Jamaica, and only the other day a correspondent said: "W. A. Read's Son Simon, ridden by D. Newman, won the Jamaica Dewhurst Stakes—a dark horse and a long price! Read had bought Son Simon only a short time before the race. He is now quite in the front rank of racing in Jamaica, for it was he who sent out from England some of the best bloodstock there is in the country. For a dozen years or so he has been selecting horses suitable for racing in Jamaica and for breeders".

The Pratt Family

News has reached England that Victor Pratt (whose father F. Pratt is well-known as a trainer), has won a number of races recently in India on W. J. Brodie's mare, *Duchess of Kentdale*. In view of Victor carrying on tradition I have been asked to give a few details regarding the family's connection with the turf. The Pratt brothers are nephews of the famous Fred Archer. Their father was a Cheltenham tradesman but racing is in their blood. Fred (who gave up training for Mr. D. de Rothschild in 1940, and was succeeded by his head man, Arthur Wood), was apprenticed to James Ryan, and later rode in Austria, taking the Lambourn training quarters in 1901. His brother, William also apprenticed to Ryan, rode in France and Belgium, winning most of the classics. He came home in 1940 and settled down at Newmarket. Charles, the youngest brother, who was for some time head man for H. Cottrill, was a successful trainer in France before the war.

don't you know, but they're damn good lads for all that" would say the Colonel when telling of his troubles.

Then again, when I was a youngster in Argentina, I would drive a 14.2 black from the Estancia to the village, matter of 7 miles, to play a bit of poker at the club. I would do this about twice a week, and stay until quite early in the morning. I would start home, on top of the dog cart, open two gates through the potreros, then two more at the estancia buildings, unhook and turn the black loose, put the harness up neatly on the dash board—then wonder next morning how it had all happened—I guess I never thought of the psychology of the good black in those days, it was all "gracias a Dios"!—D. L. H.

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The Chronicle

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THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

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Editorials

THE MARES

On this question of breeding mares. Apparently the season is going over in fine shape. From many parts the reports are most encouraging as to the number of mares either booked or returned to the herds or stables.

THE WAR

Then the general feeling was that the horsed Cavalry was being discriminated against. It is true that several of our best horsed regiments were turned into gas burners, and we still have our opinion about that. But by and large the horse (and the mule too), is coming in for his share of the war effort. It is reported that the Horsed Cavalry is to see service, too.

THE CALENDAR

And there was to be no racing this year, steeplechases, horse shows or anything else. In fact our Sporting Calendar was about as bare as is our grain bin this moment. Well, the calendar is filling up, people still do not seem to be satisfied which horse can run faster than the other. There will be these events, in moderation.

THE FARMER

That horse farmers had to have cattle to keep their heads above the barn floor seems to be taking root, horse farmers ARE becoming men of the beeves, the dairy, the flocks and the swine, in fact there are isolated cases of goats. Suffice it that they are making other stock carry their horses for the nonce, though the horse will ultimately repay, believe it or not.

ONE JOB REMAINS

The only thing now, remaining in our notebook to be done, is to bring more men of sporting inclination back to land owning. You who own farms, pick out a friend whom you think would like to live part time on his country place and give him a taste of it. You will be helping everyone, everywhere.

PIONEER ENTHUSIASM

The same spirit that sent the pioneers across the plains to seek new lands for their stock and crops must now prevail. We who are left at home have a pioneering job to do, not nearly as tough as the long journey these people had to make however. They did not fail, why should we?

Our pioneering job is that of adapting ourselves to a new state of affairs in the promotion of sporting events within the limits of the facilities that are available.

Humphrey Finney says that it only takes one or two good enthusiasts (who can accomplish things) to put on a horse show or point-to-point. Look back on the successful shows and you will generally find that they have been the

result of the efforts of one or two who have aroused others to join in and go to work.

It is probably the most constructive thing we can say toward the perfection of a general scheme for shows this year:—Go pick out an enthusiast, (who is practical, too)—then give him, or her all the support you can, get your friends to chip in, and you will have a meeting, and a good one. USE THIS SUGGESTION IF YOU WANT SHOWS THIS YEAR.

Foxhunting Lunacy

Continued from Page Five

down, his legs waving wildly in the air. What had become of the rider I never knew. Nobody seemed interested at the moment to find out. It was everyone for himself, pell mell, as if the devil was after them, a jolly good hunt, they all agreed. I never saw a Field go so hard. There were practically none who straggled behind, looking for gates or easy ways to get through. Very soon the Master announced that he was going to another cover, about four or five miles away. A long string of motors, having followed by road as best they could, now turned up, and many people turned their horses over to grooms, themselves getting into cars to drive on, while the grooms rode.

Quite foolishly I stayed in the saddle not feeling the need for a rest, and little knowing what was yet in store for me. It was a long, tiresome hack on the road, and my mount, a small clean-bred mare by Cottage, wore me out by pulling and fussing outrageously. I arrived at the next cover played out, all the fatigue which I should have felt at the end of the previous hunt, now coming over me, much augmented by the tiresome hack. We were told that here was the best cover of all, and in a short while I was quite convinced that the statement was true. I watched the drawing with mild interest, secretly entertaining the hope it would prove blank, but such was not to be the case. Before I took in that a fox was afoot, I saw hounds streaming away, and the Master's son-in-law murmured in my ear, "You are in for the ride of your life." It was a mad scramble from the start, which seemed to me more like a battle than a fox-hunt. There was a huge bank, looming up in the distance, for which hounds were heading. I had already spied it, because of its size never dreaming that it would be the very first jump. Now the whole pack was scrambling over it helter-skelter, and the first flight of the Field, well in advance of myself were pointing directly for it. Some, not so far along, were turning aside for a way they liked better, but it looked as if anybody who wanted to stay on terms with hounds, had that bank to get over. A number of people were ahead of me, and I had, perhaps, three or four hundred yards of galloping, in which to contemplate the situation. The first one to approach the bank, met with a refusal, and his horse carried him off to one side so far that I took my eyes off him. Next went a likely looking young man, and made a bold try for it, but his horse failed to reach the top, hung by his front legs for a second and came over backwards.

By this time several had jumped the bank without any ado at all, and gone out of sight on the other side. They were jumping wherever they came to it, each for himself, and nobody following anyone else. I was mortified to think that I had harbored misgivings. I had been warned against galloping into banks. The conventional style is to pull up to a walk, and jump from a walk so your horse can alight on top well-collected. If there should be something impossible on the far side you can even turn around, and jump back the way you came. Sometimes steeplechase

riders and the like, go at them all out. Of course in racing they cannot pull up, but in hunting it is customary to do so. When I came to this one, I pulled up with considerable effort, for the mare had other ideas. We tried for it from a walk and there was nothing doing; a mere petulant rising on hind-legs and whirling away. A second try with like results. The third time the mare made a half-hearted effort and slid back down to the bottom, unseating me.

By now most of the Field had either got over or fallen gloriously in the attempt, though several were struggling to open a stone-filled gap, where once a gate had been. Some people despise gaps and gates, feeling a distinct sense of loss, when they pass from one enclosure to another without a jump. I have never been so fanatical as that, yet—I really did want to get over this particular bank. I would try it in my own style just as I would go at a big timber fence at home. We went back about thirty yards and came along at a good pace. A smart whack with my whip and the mare was on top. It cost her a big effort, but it would have been so with any horse, I am sure. Then she made a great leap into the grass-field beyond, and set to work to show me how she could step. We were far behind so had no time to lose.

There were many more banks but none that seemed so formidable as the first. The enclosures were small so there was a lot of jumping, much more I thought, than we would have had at home. It was a marvelous ride with no time to be looking at the landscape. Eyes front and straight ahead. The mare never put a foot wrong until she had me almost at the top of the hunt. There was not much to obstruct my view when trouble came. A wide tarmac road lay directly across the way we were going. The Huntsman and several others, who were ahead, jumped into the road, turned right-handed, and went galloping on, using the margin of turf which lined the road. I learned afterwards that they had pulled up on the bank, turned at an angle and jumped down that way so as to avoid the slippery tarmac.

Very stupidly I did not take this precaution, not visualizing the hard surface until too late. The mare made the jump at her own pace, as she had done most of the others, landed all right on the turf margin, but made her turn on the hard surface, in spite of all I could do to keep her going straight across. Her feet shot from under her and down she went. I hit the ground so hard that I just was not man enough to hold on to the reins, and the mare went scampering down the road, following the others. I ran along till I was out of breath and gave it up. By that time I realized how near the top of the hunt I had been when I fell.

Thirty or forty people must have come galloping past me, some waving to me cheerfully and some not deigning to notice me. After what seemed a long time, a car came along and took me aboard. As we drove on, I spied foot-prints in the turf revealing that the Field had jumped back out of the road on the same side whence we had come, but every last one had disappeared and not a sound of hounds was to be heard. About a mile further on we came up with the

Continued on Page Twenty

The Palingenesis Of Geoffrey Gambado

Continued from Page One

a man, forsooth, play Ariadne to our Theseus and spin the thread to lead us from the labyrinth of perplexity and doubt? Who, may I ask, is Petrillo, that not a trumpet may sound nor a cymbal clash without his nod? Neither Petrillo, nor a dozen Petrillos,—no, not even Petrillo and the Supreme Court together, with Thurmond Arnold thrown in, shall ever stop Geoffrey Gambado from blowing his own horn. Therefore, to my Readers now, and to posterity bye and bye, I present certain bits of pertinent correspondence for their incalculable benefit and enlightenment.

Expositor—

LETTER THE FIRST

Geoffrey Gambado, Esq.,
c/o Aegean Stables,
Honoured Sir:

As I have grown old and somewhat dim of eye, I am dependent on my grandchildren to read the newspapers for me. Although they read very well, they are impatient of questions and seldom lucid in their explanations. Indeed they speak a language from which I am two generations removed, and I fear I do not always understand what they say. I am writing, therefore, to you, my dear sir, in the hope that you will be good enough to tell me, in understandable language, the answer to a puzzle which has of late all but addled my already slightly coagulated brains.

What, Mr. Gambado, is "Glow Baloney", and what makes it glow? My grandchildren tell me that it is a dish served by a certain loose woman, but I would like to know more about it for philosophical and not, please believe me, for salacious reasons.

If you will be good enough to reply, you may draw upon me for your usual fee, providing that you will accept it in War Savings Stamps.

Respectfully yours,

AMERICUS FURST.

THE REPLY LEARNED

Dear Mr. Furst:

You ask me what is "Globaloney" and why does it glow. This is a double question, and I dare say your grandchildren have wisely answered it in double talk. Small wonder that you have been puzzled by their explanation. I shall try to make it quite clear to you.

Baloney, as you must know, is a highly spiced mixture of small bits of meat packed tightly in a thin skin. At best, it is indigestible, but when it becomes "globaloney", it is positively explosive. The transition is brought about by substituting an ersatz material which looks like meat (although it smells much stronger), but which, when you try to get your teeth into it, proves elusive and glutinous. This is mixed with soft soap, sobs, and sanctimony and is flavoured not with good, clean garlic, but with gall. Packed into the extremely thin skin of world politics, or, if you prefer, international proselyting, it will be seen to glow when exposed to light, thus differing from the habit of other decaying substances which glow only in the dark.

It is NOT a dish prepared by a "loose" woman. The adjective is not an adjective but a proper noun spelled L-U-C-E. I do not know its derivation but that it does not come from the same root as "lucid", you may be sure. Neither do I think that a certain lady columnist is correct in thinking that it stems from "lucifer". In all probability, it is just an entymological accident.

Please send me three WAR SAVINGS stamps by return post, and tell me where I may cash them.

Your obedient servant—

G. G.

LETTER THE SECOND

G. Gambado, Master of Horse,
Addressed—
Esteemed Sir:

I am greatly perplexed by an economic problem which may, if unsolved, prove my ruin. I am now forty-eight years of age and have several children and one grandchild (of whom I am sending you a snapshot, although it really does not do him justice.) I have worked very hard all of my life and have reached a position of respect in my community. I am a godly man, a liberal supporter of the Church and the Community Chest, and last year I was invited to join the Rotary Club. I am a university graduate and have read Kant and John Stuart Mill, so you see that I do not turn lightly to you for advice.

This is my problem. Last year, my salary was raised from forty-five hundred to five thousand dollars. It was a much-needed raise, as I am buying both my house and a fur coat for my wife on the installment plan, and the children must be educated and clothed. Indeed, I thought I was a lucky man as I had not had a raise for three years. Alas, this is not the case.

Last week I figured out my income tax, and to my surprise and chagrin, I find that because of my increased salary, I shall have less remaining than had I received my old wages. Indeed, sir, this is a fact, astonishing though it may seem! I employed counsel, which reduced the residuum still further, but he could only concur in my calculations.

The next morning I applied to my employer for a reduction in pay, but he was not in a position to comply. It seems that by so doing he would increase his profits before taxes and, therefore, show a deficit after taxes; and although I entreated him to consider my unhappy state, he could only remind me that he has obligations and dependents, not to mention creditors, of his own. Indeed, he tells me that he is forced to work for nothing in order to have anything left at all.

Esteemed sir, if you can but suggest a way out of this difficulty which will not lead me through the gates of a Federal penitentiary, I shall be most indebted to you and will place your name on my creditor list, second only to the Collector of Internal Revenue.

Respectfully yours,

P. Whyte-Collar.

Continued on Page Seventeen

In Explanation

The message which we reproduce on Page 7 of this issue, from General Somervell has origin in this letter. Which we give by way of explanation.

Lieut. General Brehon Somervell,
Fort Myer, Va.

Dear General Somervell,

Knowing that you do see The Chronicle on occasion I feel you will understand this letter.

There is quite a chance that breeding mares will be seriously curtailed this season, which will mean a serious drop in horses and mules available in 1947-48. Evidently the Army is using them and will probably need more as the War progresses, even for police work after the War.

The production of animals is a longer process than that of the manufacture of motorized power. The Chronicle is doing all it can to encourage breeding this year, as a patriotic act on the part of mare owners. However we are just a paper, prone to like the horse anyway! It took the pleas of those at the top of the Army to assure the production at maximum pitch of our planes, tanks etc—it will take more than our columns to put the horse and mule production over.

It is not sufficient to have a word of encouragement from the Chief of Remount—this must come from you logically—this will bear weight and insure a vastly greater production. I would ask you therefore to send us some message that we may make "strong medicine" of—a short letter over your signature, which we could run on the offset machine would have a good effect.

Best regards,

Don L. Henderson.

Teaching Them To Back

Continued from Page Six
weight downwards and forewards would naturally cause pain. By degrees she started to flinch, give under the pain, she found that if she gave a step, the pain ceased, gradually she found that the more she gave backwards the less she was exposed to the pain—in fact she got so that she would try and run backwards. It is true she did flex a little, but never from natural balance, only inasmuch as she could coordinate her backing with the lowering of and intake of the lower part of the head from loosening of the upper part of the neck. Maybe, as she had learned to back, she might have come to limber up all the way, as desired, but I sent her back as soon as I found by pressing the button she would react as desired.

Van always had hard luck with his ponies, he bought a really top cow horse from one of the punchers over at Pawhuska, the Osage headquarters, had a bit of age on him, but played in a tailored manner. He loaned him to a privileged friend one day and the good horse fell dead during a run down the field. Van Harmon was the first man of the new but large group of low goal players who left Ponca to go to another station taking all his string of ponies with him. He was assigned to the Fort Worth office of the Marland Oil Co., and moved his entire string with him, money was very plentiful in those days, and old Van was extremely serious about his polo and horsemanship. D. L. H.

Schooling Shows

Continued from Page Four

horses. Riders to be 13 years and over. Manners, performance and similarity of type to count. 1st, Brown Boy, Carol Comey, and Vagabond, "San" Veach; 2nd, Dakoto, Mary deConingh, and Black Night, Mary Jane Davis; 3rd, Rusty, Barbara Palmer, and Kiddem, Louise Boyd.

Class 4. Horsemanship. Privately owned horses. Riders to be 10 years and under 13. 1st. Impulse, Kate Ireland; 2nd. Chance, Bob Paxton; 3rd. Red Queen, Betty Black.

Class 7-A. Road Hack. Privately owned. Riders to be 9 years and under. Performance and manners to count. 1st. Rena, Dorothy O'Neill; 2nd. Spats, Billy O'Neill; 3rd. Victory Girl, Kay Johnson.

Class 5. Knock Down and Out. Riders to be 13 years and over. Jumps to be 3'-6". 1st. Sterling, Dorothy Hosford; 2nd. Hunger Hill, Shirley O'Brien; 3rd. Blaze Turpin, Shirley O'Brien.

Class 6. Horsemanship. School owned horses. Riders to be 10 years and under 13. 1st. Wild Honey, Carol Comey; 2nd. Grumpey, Leona Glover; 3. Poncho, Marilyn Zimmer.



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CHARLEY O.

Br., 1930

By "HOURLESS"—CLONAKILTY,

by CATMINT

16.0½ Hands. 1,250 Pounds.

(PROPERTY J. H. WILSON)

5555 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.

A stake winner, by a stake winner, out of a stake winner, brother to a stake winner. Represents a staying line.

CHARLEY O. with limited opportunities in Kentucky came to Virginia in the late season of 1941. With only 6 mares sent to his court, all are proven to be in foal.

CHARLEY O's winners have won over a distance.

CHARLEY O. won Florida Derby (by 3 lengths, 118 pounds, 1½ miles in 1:40 3-5); finished third to BROKERS TIP and HEAD PLAY in Kentucky Derby.

*CLONAKILTY won and produced MIKE HALL, brother to CHARLEY O., winner of 19 races and \$213,420, including Agua Caliente Handicap, Latonia Cup twice and others, and setting new American record of 2:48 3-5 for 2½ miles.

FEE—\$100

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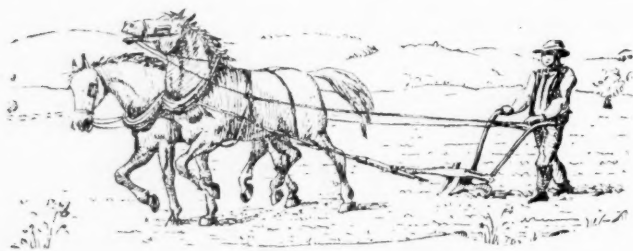
DAVID N. RUST, JR.

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FARMING in WAR TIME



Breed Mares For Replacements

By Wayne Dinsmore

Work stock—horses or mules—are produced as an incident to farm operations by men who use mares for all or part of their work stock. The best are bred; those that fail to get in foal do as much work as geldings, and those that do become pregnant and raise foals can be worked most of the time. They are, of course, given the lighter jobs and when not needed in harness are out on pasture with their foals.

Figures recently released by the U. S. Department of Agriculture estimate that on January 1, 1943 there were in the United States, 9,678,000 horses, of which 401,000 were foals of 1942, and 3,712,000 mules, of which 115,000 were foals of 1942.

Losses among horses in 1943 will be at least 645,200 head, and in mules 206,222, so that foals of 1942 fall far below projected death losses in 1943. Bluntly stated, we are losing by death more horses and mules than we are producing. This situation has prevailed for a number of years, which is the reason our work stock numbers have slowly but

surely declined.

It is becoming hard to find and buy well broken, well matched pairs of farm chunks or draft horses, no matter what the size, type or color may be, and prices are beginning to creep upward again.

It is easy to say—"I do not want to bother raising colts. I can buy them for less than it will cost to raise them." That is true sometimes, but when it is true, it is the sure forerunner of a time to come when it will cost twice or three times as much to buy as to raise them; and it must not be forgotten that the foals you raise yourself, are better than any you are apt to buy, because you have decided in advance the kind, size, and quality you want.

Breed your mares, if you are to need work stock in 1946 or 1947, and use the kind of a sire that will give you the right sort of work stock. Even if you have a tractor, there are a multitude of jobs on the farm that can be better done and more cheaply done with good work stock than the tractor, so it will pay you to raise the kind you want.

Hunting Hollow's Plan Proves Profitable

I have just heard ex-President Hoover give a radio address on the food situation of the country. In his speech he stressed the fact that herds and flocks were being depleted. Too many cows that should produce milk and too many cows that should be bred are finding their way to the market. This I believe is due to two things: 1st the lack of farm labor and 2nd a good deal of the initiative has been taken away from the farmer. In spite of this the farmer is working a 70 hour week for less pay than any other defense industry in the country. All of which brings me to a suggestion that may be taken for what it is worth.

Two years ago I bought some heifer calves from a dairy near by. These calves would have gone to the butcher, as the dairy was more interested in milk production than herd replacement. Last week I sold some of these heifers for just ten times what I paid for them. They are all bred to an Angus bull. They were raised right along with the beef herd, being creep fed as calves and making use of the pastures and roughage on the farm. In this way it cost very little to raise them. Now the point is this. These heifers are going directly into milk production and the calves they produce will be beef type. They are going to produce two things we need badly, milk and meat. Besides showing a profit they entailed very little labor—a thing most farm owners must consider. To

the owners of pure bred beef herds it may be profitable to encourage this practice among your neighbors and thus create a market for your bulls.

Now I'm going to talk a little about foxhunting and tell a story. There's an old fellow that lives in the countryside by the name of Howard. Howard is 83 years old and since 1710 the land he farms has been in his family. Here Gentlemen, is true aristocracy. For many years Howard has stopped work to cheer hounds on their way. Well, Howard has a corn field up there and the corn isn't husked yet. It must just about break the old boy's heart to see that field and not be able to get the crop in.

Wouldn't it be a swell thing if hounds met in that field some day and ran a red cart up and down those rows and gave that red fox a rest. I don't believe there's a Master's Fund in America that could buy the goodwill among farmers for miles around that would be created by that meet.

There must be a Howard in every hunting country and a real opportunity exists to do something about it. T. F. S. Hunting Hollow Farms, Edgemont, Pa.

Note:—This reminds us of the time when the Hitchcocks organized riders to help clear the rides through the Alken woods. It is a great thought and feasible. Editor.

Produce Lamb Pelts To Protect Aviators

This is an angle of the assistance for defense that maybe has been overlooked. It is something which should be taken into consideration in the handling of a flock. Many of our landowners own flocks and therefore can better take care of things for the good of the nation if they are made aware of this need.

Farmers who have feeder lambs can shear them early to provide warm pelts to protect American aviators who fly in sub-zero temperature at high altitudes, suggests Prof. John P. Willman of the New York State College of Agriculture.

If the feeder lambs are kept in closed sheds, they will not suffer from shearing even in the winter, he says, and the pelts with about 1-2-inch of wool on them are essential for high altitude flyers' suits.

Lamb feeders in the state have usually sheared the lambs close during March or April, two to four weeks before the lambs were ready for market. If a special comb is used in earlier shearing, the wool left on the pelt will be about 1-4-inch long, and will grow out to 1-2-inch in six or more weeks.

Growers who cooperate in this program will do a great service to the nation's flyers, says Prof. Willman. The United States now needs 9 million of these pelts a year. Imports have been about 4 million a year, and production at home must this year go up from the usual 2 to 3 million, as imports cannot be increased.

Shorthorns Adapted To All Climates

The adaptability of Shorthorns to all climates of the states is demonstrated by the "high records" set by the Association's recordings on Polled animals, from Nov. 1941 to the same date of 1942. The point is worth noting.

In the 10 high recorded, 10 states are represented—Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Minnesota, Michigan, Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota and Virginia.

"These figures", stated national Shorthorn secretary Clint Tomson, "reflect the breed's reputation for adapting itself to all sorts of climates and to all sorts of agricultural practices."

The placings of the high 10 breeders are as follows: Elm Grove Farms, Belvidere, Tenn., 79; C. B. Teegardin and Sons, Ashville, Ohio 64; Lynwood Farm, Carmel, Ind., 51; Lewis W. Thieman, Concordia, Mo., 51; Bert A. Hanson, Vernon Center, Minn., 51; Robert Macfarlane, Grand Rapids, Mich., 51; George E. Smith, Keokuk, Iowa, 49; Albert Hultine and son, Saronville, Nebr., 47; Fred Blomstrom and Sons, Waverly, Nebr., 45; J. F. McLoughlin, Mitchell, S. D., 45; and Harry L. McCann, Winchester, Va., 45.

Mules In South Carolina

Here is an item that is of interest and news too, to many. There are 180,000 mules in South Carolina, worth roughly \$25,000,000. It cost from \$40 to \$50 to raise each one to working age, as they are grown on farms where the cost of each is not felt, only perhaps two to a farm and they clean up what

others leave. In early 1942 there were 60 Jacks standing in the state. The state needs about 10 per cent replacements each year—this comes from A. B. Bryan, editor of Clemson College and it is mighty enlightening, these are big figures in mules.

HERD DIRECTORY

In order to assist readers of The Chronicle who pay especial attention to maximum production from their farms, we present this directory of the owners of good herds of the country. We hope that it will prove of benefit to those who sell and also buy.

MARYLAND

ABERDEEN-ANGUS BEEF CATTLE
PERCHERON DRAFT HORSES
MONOCACY FARMS Frederick, Md.

VIRGINIA

CHAPEL HILL FARM
ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE
Herd sire Eric 2nd of Redgate 597295
T. B. and Bangs Accredited
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MONTANA HALL SHORTHORNS
Cows from the best horned and polled families
Will calve to OAKWOOD PURE GOLD
A few promising calves (horned and polled)
now available
White Post, Va.

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Inspection Invited — Visitors Welcome
George Christie — Manager
Edward Jenkins — Owner
RED GATE, MILLWOOD, VA.

POLLED SHORTHORN BEEF CATTLE
International Grand Champion Bulls
on straight Scotch Foundation females.
Top converters of grass into beef at weight for age.
MR. AND MRS. A. MACKAY SMITH
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PRINCE DOMINO (MISCHIEFS)
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R. D. 6, West Chester, Pa.

Breeders of
ABERDEEN-ANGUS
the profitable Beef Cattle

We have consigned for the Regional Aberdeen-Angus Breeders Sale to be held at Trenton, N. J. April 20th and 21st, 1943, a daughter of ENVIOUS BLACKCAP B. 10th, a heifer that will look well in anybody's herd.

JOHN GEROW, Manager

Learn About the Three
Kinds of SHORTHORNS
FREE Booklets

1 "Farm the Dual Way." A practical illustrated booklet. Will help you make more money on your farm with easy fleshed, high-producing Milking Shorthorn cows. 2

2 "Polled Shorthorns." Complete. Fully illustrated. Tells all about this great hornless beef breed and where to buy foundation stock. 3

3 "Farm Security with Shorthorns." Cram-full of educational facts and pictures on what Shorthorns can do for you and why they are the Universal Breed.

Tell us which you want—we'll do the rest

AMERICAN SHORTHORN BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION
Dept. 631 Union Stock Yards Chicago, Illinois

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FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1943

THE CHRONICLE

PAGE THIRTEEN

A NEW ENGLAND REPRESENTATIVE



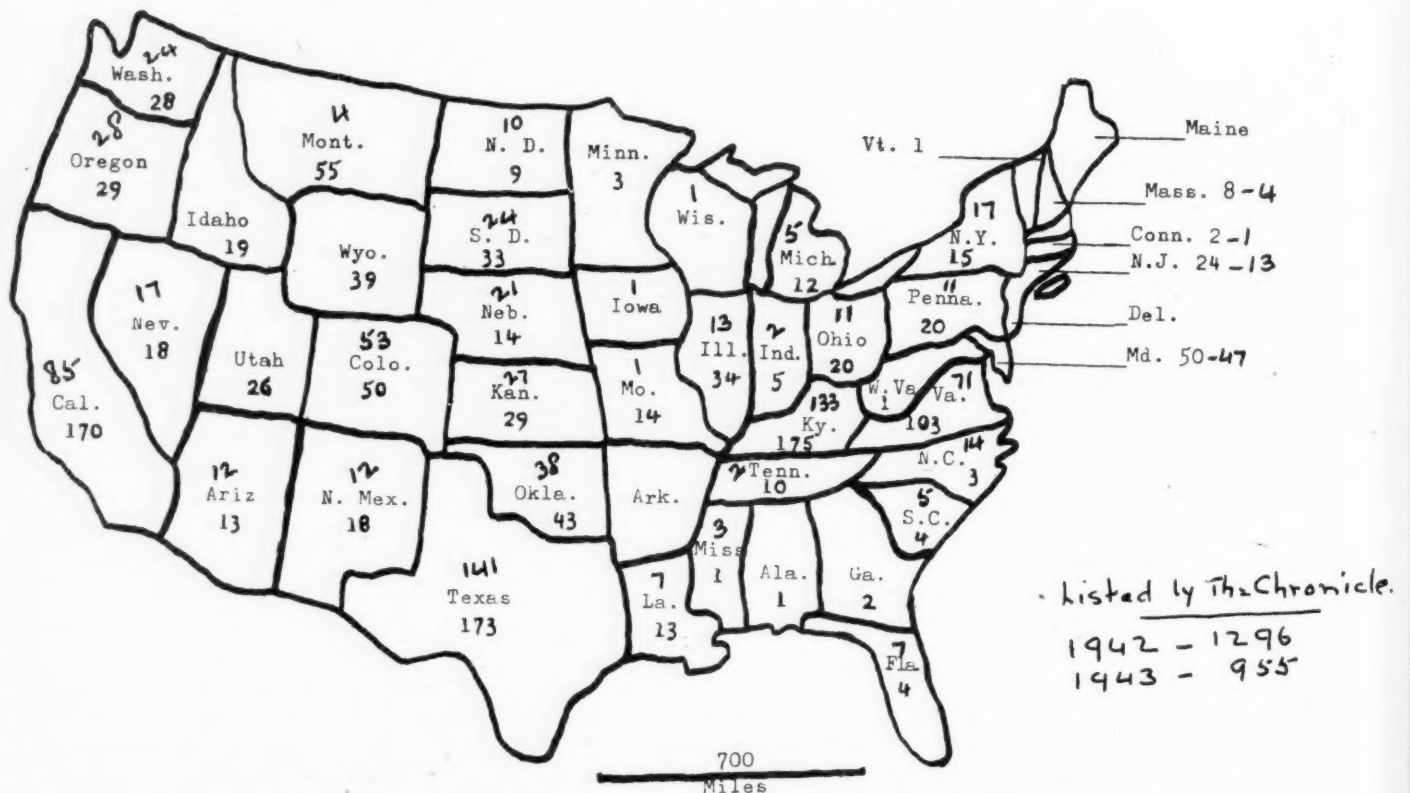
On February 26th, The Chronicle announced that Bayard Tuckerman, Jr., had been elected a member of the Massachusetts Racing Commission. We present him to our readers because his past activities warrant this recognition. During the 1st War he was Remount Officer with the 77th (New York) Division, in which C. C. "Pad" Rumsey was Headquarters Troop Commander, Rumsey having since been accidentally killed, a great loss to everyone. With William Almy, Jr., he is Joint Master of the Quansett Hounds. He was the original petitioner for the legislation of horse racing with pari-mutuel wagering in Massachusetts, in 1932. Not till 1934 did the bill pass the State Legislature. He was the first President of Suffolk Downs. Back in 1908 he rode as a gentleman rider and won his first race. Then for 25 years he continued to ride over brush and timber. In 1933 he won with HIGH KILTED at Myopia, he was then 44 years of age. Among his good jumpers were; MALTBIE, JIM HANSON, KENNEWICK, BYRON, HUETTE, DATURA, HIGH KILTED, HOMESTEAD and ROCK OF CASHEL. From his farm, Little Sunswick, South Westport, Mass., he raced last season two home bred and this season will again have two or three running. Bayard Tuckerman is one of a group of men who combine their energy with a public spirited interest in the general welfare of sport which enables America to maintain the place it holds in this world where the horse is used in the field.

THE IRISH



This picture was sent us by DeCourcy Wright, some of the field with which he used to hunt in Ireland. The big-ring snaffles seem to be part of the equipment with which the Irish pilot their clever hunters over the varied obstacles they encounter in their following of hounds. Similarity of type is noticeable in this country where hunters have been bred for many years, for just the one purpose of staying with hounds.

Stallion Locations 1942 and 1943.



This map is given as an interesting picture of where stallions were during 1942 and where they are this season. The figures on top are those of 1943, those underneath the names of the states are those of 1942. In the cases of the states at the right, in New England, the last figures are those of 1942. In the cases of Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Utah, the lack of data is due largely to the fact that the Remount Depot at Fort Robinson, which handled stallions for that area, is no longer functioning and at the time of this compilation, the new administration was not in order. It must be noted that while every effort was made to obtain an answer to the questionnaires sent out, some did not come in. Nevertheless the lists are correct of those returned, though they may not be numerically complete.

A Drag And A Ducking

By Samuel J. Henry

If you ride a horse sit close and tight;
If you ride a man sit easy and light.
—Benjamin Franklin.

Riding blooded horses calls for supple muscles and quick decisions, and if your mount happens to be an ex-racer the job of staying in the saddle is especially hazardous.

There is the case of *Naughty Miss*, a golden chestnut lass with one white stocking who, not quite fast enough for the oval strip, was sold to one of my friends. *Naughty Miss*—very naughty indeed—proved to be too much for him and he turned her over to me for a song.

Large for her age—she stood over sixteen hands—the filly, then three years of age, was a handful. Holding a violent aversion to human restraint, any subterfuge served her purpose, which usually aimed at unseating her rider. In no way vicious, the handsome creature was merely irked by saddle and bridle, preferring to roam the grassy pasture with the mares and foals—a genuine aristocrat, disliking work in any form.

On several occasions I had ridden her. I soon discovered her favorite trick consisted in dropping one of her fore legs and shoulder while at the same time kicking up behind. Of course, the twisting manoeuvre often grounded me. Later she appeared to come out of this and in company with even-tempered mounts she and I got along in friendly fashion.

Then I took a chance and had her "tacked up" for a drag hunt in the Maryland country on a clear morning in December, one of those vitalizing days when high-spirited horses get their backs up. I had hardly vaulted into the saddle when the *Miss* returned to her twisting tactics and almost unseated me. A sharp cut of the rawhide whip and a tug on the curb instantly stopped that lawlessness.

After the trail of the synthetic fox had been laid the hounds were put on, whereupon with the bleat of horn mingling with the cries of thirty or more inspired dogs, the race got under way. At the speed of a quarter horse the hunters drove through the rolling sedge fields, sombre in their dun coloring. After several miles of good going the hounds fled into Rock Creek Valley

where the scent followed the twisting stream. Along the bank the footing was excellent and in the low hollows the music of the pack reverberating back and forth between the rising walls of stone and timber seemed a never ending record of animal ecstasy.

By this time *Naughty Miss'* blue blood had reached the boiling point. The sound of galloping, competitive horses, the frequent cheers of the huntsmen and the tonguing of the hounds, had affected her as wine affects a debutante. Her easy, graceful stride, her nimbleness in negotiating timber and brush obstacles, and her manifest superiority over the other mounts had filled my cup of enjoyment to the brim.

Racing along, we came to a narrow path with the creek on the right and soon reached a spot where young trees had sprung up. These were from four to six inches in girth, sappy fellows that give but do not break. *Naughty Miss* glided among them, responsive to the lightest touch from rein or knee, now to the right and now to the left as I desired.

It was the utmost in cooperation between man and mount until the young lady apparently obeying my silent directions to bear to the right, suddenly decided in favor of the left, and placing a willow tree between us, she raced off, leaving me dangling in the air. I went forward with the bending sapling until the rebound, when, swung in reverse, I landed plump into four feet of freezing water.

My cap flew off and I floundered about completely soaked. One or two riders stood by, but the majority of the field considered it a great joke and galloped after the hounds. Groping my way out of the creek and climbing to the path, I squeezed as much water as I could from my clothing. Shivering from head to foot, I hurried to the road some quarter of a mile distant. A passing motorist picked me up and carried me home.

Naughty Miss, in spite of her perverseness, was too good to give up. Patiently I continued her training. She slowly responded and eventually rounded out into a safe, fearless hunter.

Interesting Facts Found In History Of English Derby

Winner Of First Derby Was Foundation Sire Of Our Present Thoroughbreds

BY TOM PILCHER

The Derby, pronounced "Darby" in England, is not only the biggest flat race in that country, but is one which has its replica in nearly every civilized country in the world. There are Derbys in every capital of Europe—"Derbys" in Australia, South Africa and Canada, a Kentucky Derby, a South American Derby, an Argentine Derby, and one on a little race course in Central Africa. Named after the fourteenth Earl of Derby, and inaugurated by him in 1780, it has been run in successive years over the same course until the outbreak of the present war, except during the years of 1915, 1916 and 1917 of the last war, when it was held at Newmarket. During the first four years of its existence the distance was only one mile, when it was increased to one mile and a half. Entries are confined to three year old colts and fillies, the former carrying nine stone (126 lbs.), and the latter eight stone, nine pounds (121 lbs.). The Course is a left-handed one, and unlike any other in the world. The first five turnings are uphill, then there is more or less a level stretch, before a dip down to the famous "Tattenham Corner", a sharp turn, and then again a slightly uphill stretch in the

straightaway to the winning post, causing a severe test of a horse's courage and character. Although the fourteenth Earl of Derby inaugurated this race, he did not win it until seven years after its inception with a horse called *Sir Peter Teazle*.
Continued on Page Nineteen

REST AND RELAX AT The Homestead Spa

Virginia Hot Springs

Far too many executives, under terrific pressure ever since Pearl Harbor, are far too close to the breakdown either they nor their country can afford.

The rest and relaxation they must have await them at The Homestead, America's famous Spa at Virginia Hot Springs. Our natural mineral baths and other health aids, the wine-like mountain air, and the quiet pattern of life in the peaceful Alleghenies are magic tonics for taut nerves and exhausted energies.

Our booklet, "The Homestead Spa," and our special winter rates sent upon request.

The Homestead, a 650-room hotel on its own mountain estate in the Virginia Alleghenies, is just overnight from you on the Chesapeake & Ohio Lines. Address inquiries to The Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia.



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A few of the Consignors are:

ROSELAWN FARM, Sugartown, Pa. choice consignment of race, show and hunter prospects by Corsican Blade, Tournament II, Constitution, Cardinals Ring and Coq Gaulois.

RIGAN McKINNEY, Woodbine, Pa. thoroughbred brood mares and yearlings.

WALTER L. GRAHAM, Malvern, Pa. Show Saddle Horses, three-year-old three-gaited and three-year-old five-gaited mares, five-year-old gaited mare, and gaited gelding, champion brood mare in foal to son of American Born, etc.

CHARLES F. HENRY, Devon, Pa. Hunters, Saddle Horses, Plantation Walking Horses, Driving Horses.

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DEVON, PA.

WAR and the HORSE



Cavalry In Australia

On October the 2nd of last year we made the statement:—"Might it not be possible that General MacArthur is finding that the northern coastline of Australia, to the east and west of the Gulf of Carpentaria is a 'border' that calls for horse cavalry, to properly control and defend it."

Now 5 months and 2 weeks later we find Prime Minister John Curtin of Australia gravely concerned about

the growing concentration of Japanese forces, both to the east, west and north of the section we referred to. From Timor to Darwin, on the mainland, is only some 450 miles. Back of Timor lie Amboina and many other islands, with clear going to the Australian mainland, save for such air and naval forces we can muster against them. Anyway it is too close to be ignored. On the other side, the Japs will have to cross New Guinea before they can cross the water, which brings the mainland only 330 miles from Port Moresby. In fact the whole thing is far from settled yet, there may be invasion, or an attempt made.

That there is cavalry patrol along the coast to which we are still referring, is beyond question of doubt. It is probable that Australia has sufficient of its own mounted men and horses to carry this out at present, nevertheless, it is also probable that we will need to send over troops of the same calibre to assist, or be ready to assist in this border defense. It is coastal for that matter, but as far as Australia is concerned, it is border.

Even if MacArthur succeeds in clearing New Guinea, there are still the islands back of that land and to the east and west of it, that are

Continued on Page Seventeen

ARMS OF THE COSSACKS



Because of the Postscript at the foot of the letter from Grove Cullum to Miles Sumner last week, we obtained these actual photographs from the latter to use this week. The close observer will be able to see quite plainly the Cossack equipment. The sabre is evidently heavier than that with which our Cavalry was armed, just before the sabre was abolished, it is more like that in use prior to the straight, thinner one we refer to. The rifle is carried on the back, as compared to our use of the boot. They evidently make general use of the breastplate to cope with hill climbing. Their bridles are of the simplest. The mounts look as if they will range in the 14.3 area. They give evidence of great propelling power, in the heavy going. They give signs of free going, which is a point brought out by Emil Engel, as one of the necessities for the present day Cavalry (Fics. courtesy Cavalry Journal.)

The Palingenesis Of Geoffrey Gambado

Continued from Page Eleven

THE REPLY RELIGIOUS

My dear Whyte-Collar:

I am too busily engrossed with matters of importance, such as priorities, ceiling prices, and point rationing, to waste time in attempting to answer such letters as yours, nor would I do so had I not been pleased to note that you are a godly man. Let me inform you, sir, that therein lies your only salvation. Apply to HIM, for no other can help you; and if you are deserving, He may take you to His bosom before March fifteenth. True, your estate will be liable; but in all probability the H. O. L. C. will take your house, the merchant your wife's fur coat, the undertaker your insurance, and your soul may rest in peace with the certain knowledge that your raise in salary has not brought on the disgrace of bankruptcy.

For this advice, pray send me no fee, for I, too, have had a good year and have no desire to make it a bad one by increasing my profits.

Yours for avoidance,

G. Gambado.

LETTER THE THIRD

G. Gambado, Esq.,

Dear Sir:

As you may have surmised from my stationery, I am an inmate in the State Hospital for the Feeble-Minded. However, do not think that I am insane. Certain peculiarities I admit to, but nothing more. I may not really be Napoleon, but at least I have never voted the Democratic ticket, and the few murders which I committed were carefully planned and completely successful.

I have been here now for several happy years, but of late conditions have changed rapidly. There are three people now sharing my little room, and I am told that I am luckier than most. And such people, Mr. Gambado, you have no idea! Raving, actually raving! But that is not the worst of my troubles. I am now threatened with expulsion. I have done everything that I could think of to convince them that I am still crazy. I denied that I was Napoleon and claimed to be Ickes, Wallace, and even Henderson, (Self-respect would allow me to go no further,) but it was of no avail. Unless you help me, I shall be evicted, and you know what that means. Pray come to my rescue. There must be some way for a poor imbecile to prove that he is looney.

Imploringly yours,

Non. Com. P. O. Smentis.

THE REPLY ENVIOUS

My dear Smentis:

Do not bother me with problems any school boy could solve. You have but to ASK to be freed, you idiot, and they will know that you are one!

Condescendingly,

Gambado.

P. S. Will your cell hold four?

LETTER THE FOURTH

G. Gambado, Riding Master,

c/o The Times,

My dear Gambado:

I have written you in care of the Times for I will not write elsewhere. My grandfather and my father did likewise, and I shall not be responsible for innovations, despite the age in which we live.

To be brief, I am an M. F. H., a gentleman farmer, being the fourteenth generation to live on the same land, a Justice of the Peace, and a breeder of blood-stock, fine cattle, and prize swine. For three hundred years, all has gone well with us. We have survived wars, depressions, tyranny, Democracy, and the Japanese beetle, but I am now at my wit's end. I have been fined 60c a bushel for raising too much wheat; my young tenants have been drafted, the older ones have left for defense plants; the market for my blood-stock has been destroyed; I cannot obtain labor-saving machinery without unobtainable priorities; hay costs me twenty-four dollars a ton and straw eighteen instead of fourteen and seven; my milking machines are out of repair, and I can't find an electrician to fix them; the motor on my pump has burned out and motors are on the "urgent" list; my trucks need tires, and my wife can't buy hairpins; seeds for my kitchen garden are being gobbled up by suburbanites; my taxes exceed my income; I am not allowed to deduct the wagers I lose on my horses, and the few purses they win won't pay for their oats; the children require more shoes than the ration books provide for and mine have been half-soled so often that the uppers have turned green; I am kept from the fields answering farm questionnaires, and being pestered by agricultural agents who don't know a horse-chestnut from a chestnut horse; am told what to plant, offered advice on contour-plowing for level fields; threatened with Bang's disease in my herd, cholera among my pigs, and encephalomyelitis in my blood-stock.

I have a one-armed helper who drinks and a peg-legged helper's assistant just turned eighty. Between us, we milk thirty cows, feed twenty-eight pigs, look after a flock of lambing ewes, curry and feed 12 brood mares, nine yearlings and seven two-year-olds, attend to the farm horses, get in the wood, haul out the manure, and prepare for the spring plowing, which we will certainly be unable to do.

I find all of this rather wearing, but I suppose I shall muddle through somehow. However, I have a very distressing problem which prompts me to apply to your well-known ingenuity for a solution. This is it, viz:—I am having great difficulty in getting three days a week with my Hounds and am forced to consider a further curtailment. This is an unthinkable situation, unfair to the tradition of the sport, the memory of my ancestors, and to our way of life. It works a great hardship on the hounds, destroys the solace of my declining years, makes hunters impossible to condition, and distresses the foxes. Shall a sport which survived the Napoleonic wars, the advent of the railway, the multiplication of hard roads, the curse of the automobile and the decline of the aristocracy bow at last to a foe still 3,000 miles from our shores and to a philosophy which has become the body-servant of politics,

and which, indeed, brings an M. F. H. to seek advice from a riding master—no offense intended, I assure you.

The four hours I am able to allot myself for sleep are much disturbed by the barking of unhunted foxes in my coverts, and the spectre of overfed and underworked horses in my stable.

Pray apply your best efforts to this problem, my dear Gambado, and save me from a life that is worse than death. For a practical solution, you may count upon me for a fat steer and a pound of sweet butter, or, if you insist upon money, one hundred guineas, six shillings, and tuppence.

Yours ob'tly,

HUGO MEYNELL XIV.

M. F. H.

THE REPLY POETIC

H. Meynell, XIV, M. F. H.,

Green Pastures,

Huntingshire.

Sir:

The letter which you have written me, via the TIMES, in your leisure has quite exhausted mine, and will no doubt cause a further restriction in the use of news-print. What is the present generation coming to that they require four hours of sleep and are disturbed by the prospect of a little work? Osbaldeston hunted all day, danced all night, and rode 200 miles in 8 hours and a half for exercise; Prime Ministers breakfast in London, lunch in Washington, and review troops in North Africa between tea and dinner; congressmen appropriate 6 billion dollars, levy eighty-three new taxes, draft eleven million men, and write, for the congressional record, speeches longer than your letter, between luncheon and cocktails; and yet YOU can find no time for a little hunting.

Furthermore, I resent your hauteur, but your butter betrays me. My wife, who reads all of my mail, gives me no peace; and I hasten to reply lest it turn rancid. Here is my recommendation:

The world is such a wondrous place,

I wonder why the Lord

Contrived a man to spoil its plan

And introduce discord?

It is his meddlesome unrest

That makes for toll and hurry;

So leave your chores to Nature, Sir,

And stop all work and worry.

The moles will plow your garden up,

And black snakes milk your cows;

Curs will wean your baby lambs,

Spring rains will "slop" your sows.

Pray let your steers steer their own course,

Your milk will find its whey;

So mount yourself upon your horse,

And seek your wily prey.

Let one-armed Willie guide the plow

And Peg-leg plant the corn;

Let starlings lime your pasture fields,

While you take up your horn.

Any clod can turn the sod,

And antiques make good kindling;

Do not defer your hunting, Sir,

The season is fast dwindling.

If tax collectors seek their dew,

There's plenty in the morning;

And honest men can find the rent

In clothes new-rich are scorned.

If money is an urgent need,

Why, Sir, where lies the cent

But in those very hunting fields

'Pon which your heart is bent.

The lilies of the field consider,

As Scripture bids you do,—

Fools alone will disregard

Holy mandate for a view.

Unloose your hounds and hie ye forth,

Health, wealth and joy will 'tend you;

From nauseous chore and cares of war,

A strong, red fox defend you.

L'ENVOIE

Although the world may seethe and bubble,
The cry of hounds will cure trouble.

Yours for a breast-high scent,

G. GAMBADO, M. of H. to the D. of V.

P. S. Do not delay the butter!

Cavalry In Australia

Continued from Page Sixteen

Japanese held, hence the danger is not eliminated, till the whole of the southwest Pacific is cleared. That we have horses and mules on New Caledonia, can mean only one thing. It is a stepping off place for their further use at the front, where action is imminent. That they have gone to this island, is merely to

give the animals a chance to become acclimated and the units a chance to adapt themselves to fighting under these climatic conditions. New Caledonia is far enough removed from the danger area to allow of their manoeuvring unmolested, at this time.

In my young days I travelled with a great many horses, by ocean liners, those that were in working shape were able to take the sea

Continued on Page Twenty

With Delhi Hounds In India

By LIEUT. G. B. WEBB, JR.

Continued From Last Week

Due to demands of a war time position, Mrs. Treseder gets out but one day a week, Sundays, and The Lady Doreen carries on with Hounds on Thursdays, when a drag is held in the woodland country back of The Viceroy's House. Hounds showed great control and response, throughout the day's hunting.

The secret of hounds' obedience became apparent when a visit to the kennels was made later in the day. Mrs. Treseder lives in a nice Royal Estate as her husband, Lieutenant Colonel K. H. Treseder is busy in military affairs. She lives close to the kennels and thereby is able to make frequent daily visits and attends all feeding hours possible. When hounds are fed, those deserving especial diets are called out first, penned up inside the building. Then "Dog Men", native Indians bring in long metal troughs of food, horse meat, when they can get it, otherwise beef, bread, spinach and onions. This seems a sensibly balanced diet, perhaps the spinach gives hounds the strength of "Pop Eye the Sailor Man."

Hounds getting special diets are served separately in separate pans. These are called out by name and even the native "Dog Men" (there are 8 hounds assigned to a "Dog Man"), know their hounds in English terms.

There is a chief cook for the kennel, also other men with especial kennel assignments. One horse is assigned to the kennel. This old gelding, who has perhaps seen many a day in the shafts of a "garrie", to look at his legs, is named "The Pink Horse". He is a savager and to the horror and surprise of Mrs. Treseder, she found herself catching him one day when he had come down with the "Kennel Huntsman". Mrs. Treseder related that when she suddenly realized she had caught-up "The Pink Horse", she threw his reins away quickly and shooed him on, much to the amusement of all concerned. As savage as he may be, the natives get along with him casually enough.

Mrs. Treseder is well mounted. One of her mounts is a veteran polo pony who was outstanding in the International matches played here in India some years ago, when Michael Phipps, Gerald Balding and others visited and stayed with Maharaja Nawab Bhopal.

It might be added that the kennels are on the grounds of the Viceroy's House.

All, in all, leave it to the English. They will find sport where they are, wherever they are and if there is no sport they will improvise it themselves. I would not give anything for the Jackal brush, which The Lady Doreen and Mrs. Treseder presented me with, and I shall enjoy having it mounted with a silver butt and having it suitably inscribed Delhi Hounds, Dec. 13, 1942, 1 hour and 10 minutes. Perhaps it was not the briskest run they have had there, for hounds are known to go away on a straight point of 6 to 7 miles, but it was my best day in India and an unforgettable and greatly appreciated sporting occasion.

Miles from Delhi Hounds it will hardly be my lot to go again with this pack, however you may rest assured that on the first opportunity I shall take advantage of the generous offer of a horse and invitation to ride with the joint-Masters and followers again.

They say that Miss Marjorie Diamond, Master of Peshawar Hounds, up in the north of India, has great sport, but it is hardly likely that it will ever be possible to get Chronicle coverage from this writer in that part of the world.

There is another pack of hounds, Ootacamund Hounds, down near Madras, under the mastership of Mrs. Kitty Gasson. Major Trigger Triggs has written me a note of introduction if ever I have reason to be in the locality I shall attempt to visit this pack.

The Calcutta Paper Chase is still run each Sunday, under the auspices, these days, of The Calcutta Light Horse, A. F. (1). In other days, this was a real steeplechase, with stiff pace and big fences. Now the pace is slower, with horses in less condition and less time for such sport. Still they are carrying on and the outings are commendable, with some 60 taking part on a recent Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Johnston of Calcutta and Mr. and Mrs. John Latimer, also of Calcutta, have extended an invitation to ride with the Calcutta Paper Chase, however they have apologized that they can scarcely supply a mount more capable than erstwhile polo ponies. Still it

would be good to get out with them. see their sport, get pictures of the courses and write notes of it all, when time allows, for The Chronicle.

Calcutta Light Horse, Horse Show and Sports is to be held on January 31, on the Ballygunge Maidan Calcutta, India. The net proceeds will be given to the East India War purposes Fund. In the "prospectus" sent out, prize list to horse show enthusiasts, there are 11 classes listed. 1. All Arms (Sword, Lance and Revolver); 2. Section Jumping (C. L. H. Entries by Troop Leaders); 3. Handy Hunter Competition; 4. Ladies' hacks; 5. Childrens' Ponies; 6. Hacks; 7. Troop Horses (C. L. H.); 8. Turnouts; 9. Officers' Chargers; 10. Best Pair of Mules; 11. Best Troop Horse (Bodyguard and Police). 12. Best horse in show, closed to winners of 1st or 2nd rosettes in Classes Nos. 4, 6, 7, and 11.

"The handy hunter competition will be held over natural hunting obstacles. The competitor completing the course in the shortest time will be the winner. Competitors will be required to start and finish in a ring. The course will be open for practicing from Monday, January 4, 1943, but will be closed 3 days before the show. Eliminating rounds will be held on Saturday, January 30, 1943."

The entrance fees are \$s. 3/— per horse per event; Maximum Rs. 10/— per horse. In "Turnouts", exhibitors must state whether 2 or 4 wheeler.

Here's how they handle objection which can only be made by an exhibitor in his own class. All objections must be made in writing within an hour of the class being judged and must be accompanied by Rs. 10/— in cash to be deposited with the

secretary. If an objection is considered by the Committee to be frivolous the amount will be forfeited. The amount will be refunded if the objection is considered reasonable."

The "Prospectus" is concluded with: "Please Do Not Bring Your Dogs To The Show."

Mr. Johnston showed me some fine pictures of previous years competition in this Calcutta Light Horse

Continued on Page Nineteen

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To Owners Of Mares

This year, at Llangollen Farm, I have the same stallions. I sincerely believe that breeding mares, is not only good business, but a practical, patriotic gesture. The foals from this year's breeding will be available to replenish the depleted European field, as well as to maintain our own demand of the future.

To encourage owners of likely mares to take this attitude and benefit from it, I am offering services at these figures:—

STEPENFETCHIT, the sire of PAT O'SEE, holder of the track record at Garden City over 3/4 mile, time 1.0 2/5, winner of 5 races; also of ILFETCHIT, winner of a lot of races this year, can be used for \$50 to ordinary mares. To especially approved mares, in our opinion, he can come to you free. I do this as I feel that STEPENFETCHIT has proved himself on good mares and should be given further chance to prove his ability to get fast racehorses.

GREAT WAR, a MAN O' WAR horse out of an IMP. STEFAN THE GREAT mare, is available for \$20.

NIGHT LARK, by my hunting stallion BONNE NUIT, out of the best hunting mare I have ever owned—POULETTE by IMP. COQ GAULOIS, is here for \$15

BONNE NUIT, a hunter as well as a jumper champion, who needs no introduction, has 4-year-olds with the same manners and poise as their sire, he can be used for \$20.

The driving pony stallion, who won the "gentlemen's class" at Syracuse, and he is one, is here for \$5.

Lastly, any of the pure bred heavy draft percheron stallions can be used for \$10. Among them is CAR TUNNEY—undefeated in Ohio, both in all age stallions and the 2-year-old class.

Llangollen is handy to send mares to, Norman Haymaker will take good care of them. I hope you will take advantage of this offer, which I assure you, is made with the honest desire to help the horse breeding program of this year.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY
Upperville, Virginia

SUGGESTED PROSPECTS

These people may like to subscribe to The Chronicle, if they have not already done so.

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Cleveland Bay Was Originally Known As Chapman Horse

BY J. FAIRFAX BLAKEBOROUGH

That part of North Yorkshire known as Cleveland is famed the world over because of the breed of bay horses to which it gives its name. Originally Cleveland Bays were known as "Chapman Horses", because of their suitability in early days for carrying the heavy packs of the itinerant chapmen, who travelled long distances selling their wares. Until the early years of this century Whithy and other Agricultural Societies, continued to describe the breed as "Chapman Horses" in their show catalogues, and if today we don't often hear this early designation, lots of the older farmers in North Yorkshire speak of it as "tawd breed", and relate wonderful stories of its stamina.

Although the origin of the Cleveland Bay is not known, it is claimed that it was a fixed type anterior to the Thoroughbred, most of the foundation mares of which, it is interesting to note, were also located in North Yorkshire. Clevelanders have just cause for pride in their native breed, but although it is indigenous to the soil of their lovely vale, the active, courageous, bay horse (which possesses bone of equal density to the Thoroughbred), was ultimately bred in considerable numbers throughout the county of Yorkshire, and much further afield. Indeed, the Clydesdale Horse Society, in the initial volume of its Stud Book, acknowledges its indebtedness to Cleveland Bays sent to Scotland, for their part in the foundation of the Clydesdale breed. Almost every country in the world has come back again and again to Yorkshire to buy Cleveland Bays to grade up and improve their native stock. So long ago as 1823 THE FARMERS' MAGAZINE said of Clevelanders "Nothing is bred from them but what turns out to advantage", and so is it that the demand from foreign buyers has in recent years been greater than the supply. Not so very long ago hundreds of these horses annually went to the United States, where now they have their own Cleveland Bay Horse Society, and use Clevelanders to produce weight-carrying hunters, as well as active horses for the land, army and road. The plastic character of the old breed is one of its most remarkable characteristics. It has been found possible to adapt it to all the stages of the evolution from the pack horse to the stage coach, and, as roads improved, to the era of the stylish carriage and pair, and to the height and substance required to draw the royal state coaches in England, Italy, Spain and other countries. Moreover, it was from the Cleveland Bay that the once famous Yorkshire Coach Horse was evolved. Alas! its purpose has gone in this motoring age, but when brood mares are required to cross with Thoroughbreds to produce high-priced weight-carrying hunters, it is to Clevelanders many turn. There is sound reason for this, for the late Sir Alfred Pease (one of the founders of the Cleveland Bay Horse Society, and all his life such a staunch friend to the breed), wrote in his history of the Cleveland Bay:

"That the Cleveland was religiously kept clear of all cart blood is

English Derby

Continued from Page Fifteen

ridden by that good jockey Arnall, from a field of seven runners, and it was not until 1924, that the Derby family was successful again, when the late Duke won with Sansovino.

The first Derby was won by Diomed, who afterwards was imported to this country, and the foundation sire of our present day Thoroughbreds. The smallest field on record to face the "barrier", was six, in 1783, when Saltram won, in more recent times Rocksand won from seven starters, St. Amant from eight, and Cicero and Orby from nine. There were thirty-two runners in 1847 when Cossack won, but the record field to face the starter was in 1862, when Caractacus won from thirty-four competitors. In the year 1797, it was won by an unnamed brown colt by Fidget, in 1881, the American bred Iroquois, by Leamington, and ridden by Fred Archer, proved the winner. There has been one dead-heat, in 1884, when Harvester and St. Gatien finished together, and Craganour the winner in 1913 was disqualified, and the race awarded to Aboyeur, Craganour was afterwards sold at a big price, and shipped to South America, where he proved to be an outstanding sire.

Royal victories have been comparatively few. King Edward VII. won in 1896 with Persimmon, in 1900 with Diamond Jubilee, a very difficult horse to ride, with Herbert Jones up, and again in 1909 with Minoru, a horse he had leased. H. H. The Aga Khan won with Blenheim in 1930, which he afterwards sold to an American Syndicate for forty-five thousand pounds, and in 1935 and 1936, was successful with Bahram and Mahmoud respectively.

certain, but the claim that it is free from racing blood cannot be maintained, for every Cleveland Bay can be traced back to 18th century racing sires; in fact there has not been a Cleveland Bay in my lifetime without such strains as that of Manica (by the Darley Arabian) and Jalap, by Regulus (by the Godolphin Barb). Undoubtedly the almost Oriental quarters, and innate quality of the breed are derived from these distant sources."

Today, as for generations, Cleveland Bays are found in greatest numbers amongst the farmers within a radius of twenty miles of Whithy. If you asked one of the older school of agriculturist in that district to tell you the outstanding features of the breed you would probably get an answer something like this:

"Whya noo, they stand about sixteen hands, they're bay w' black points—a lot darker bay nor what a lot 'on 'em used 'I be—and except for mebbe a bit of a star on their foreheads, and a few white hairs on their heels, they maun't have no white about 'em whatsoever! They're rare workers—niver tired and despret high-couraged—but they walk a bit over fast for the sort o' men we git on t'land noo. Clevelanders is what yan wad call a utility hoss—you can't put 'em wrong! They'll carry a man hunting on a Monda', tak his trap t' market o' Tuesda', gan in t' plough o' Wednesda', fetch a load o' coals, or meal or lead muck on Thursda', gan in t'self-binder or grass-cutter on Frida' and Setterda', and be as game as a pebble if they're wanted t' deea ought on Sunday"

the latter running the race in the record time of 2.33 3-5. According to records, only five mares have ever won, Signorinetta, one of them, was a hundred to one shot, in 1908, and proved she was no flash in the pan, by winning the famous Oaks, for fillies only, other outstanding winners who paid off at these odds, were Aboyeur, Sir Hugo and Jeddah.

There are no less than four sires who have won this race, and have in turn sired four winners each, they are Sir Peter, Waxy, Cyllene and more recently Blandford. The great un-beaten Eclipse, Highflyer and Touchstone each sired three winners.

Derby favorites have suffered very little from the hands of the "nobbler" considering the importance of the race, Orme was undoubtedly "got at", as was the Panther in more recent times.

In the year 1884, there was enacted a tragedy, in connection with the Derby, an attorney of the City of London, had defrauded his clients of huge sums of money, and tried to put matters right by betting heavily that year on St. Gatien, having received a very strong tip that he would win. He watched the tape machine in the lobby of a hotel, during the running of the race, and it spelt the word Harvester, a horse he had been warned might win, without a moment's hesitation, he left the machine and shot himself. had he waited a second later, he would have known that Harvester and St. Gatien had dead-heated, in consequence of this tragedy, tape machines when in operation, when a dead heat is run, the words "dead heat" precede the names of the two horses.

The two most successful jockeys to pilot home winners, are the late Fred Archer, who was successful on five occasions, and in modern times "Steve" Donohogue, who brought home six winners, including three successive wins.

In recent years the average value of the race has been around \$60,000, to which is added the valuable Derby Cup.

Oswego Hunt Elects

BY PAT WHITE

Lake Oswego Hunt Club announce the new officers for 1943. President, Elmer Berglund; Vice-President, Jack Lynch; Treasurer, Rey Early; Secretary, William Hedlund; M. F. H., G. Don Wilson.

Don Wilson has enthusiastic plans for a full scheduled year and we heartily endorse his efforts and wish him success.

Delhi Hounds

Continued From Page Eighteen

Horse Show. The winner of the 5'-0" open jumping class and the runner up of 2 years ago were pictured in a catalogue I wish that I could send these pictures along to you for publication. They so ably illustrate that it is possible to ride a horse over a big fence with slight contact with the mouth. Both men, despite the small stature of one fellow, whose legs are so short he scarcely can get his feet to the bottom of his saddle skirt, pictured in these illustration have fine seats and both have slight contact with reins and tension on the bit. The men in United States, who look like chemistry students sitting on high stools pouring over microscope, in a chemistry laboratory as they ride over jumps in open classes in horse show in America, could well take some tips from these pictures. I shall try to procure them for reproduction.

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In The Country:-



The Chronicle In The Caribbean

One of our neighboring farmers has a son who is an Ensign in the Naval Aviation Reserve. He is operating with his squadron somewhere in the Caribbean. The other day he was in an orderly room and happened to see on the desk, the name of his home town on an envelope. It was a letter from The Chronicle office. It IS a small world.

Reporter From Fort Reno

That estimable reporter from Fort Reno really has something now—he will probably, any time now, report that he is giving Jack Holt, Captain Q. M. C., basic training in the adept handling of the long handled fork with the whippy cane. Then again he might be on the learning end, who knows?

Buy 28,000 Acres

Cy Carr tells me Gerald Dempsey and Stew Iglehardt bought 28,000 acres near Ft. Pierce, Fla. They have about 1,500 head of cattle and

some Brahma steers. A regular ranch. Give that to The Chronicle. I have subscribed and shall look for your articles.—Bob.

Greenhalgh In Pennsylvania

Lt. George Greenhalgh, Jr., son of the George P. Greenhalghs, Berryville, Va., is now stationed at Indian-town Gap. Lt. Greenhalgh and his wife are living at the Community Inn at Hershey. (Word just in it is Captain now).

Warrenton Horse Show

The first steps have been taken toward having a Warrenton Horse Show this fall by re-electing the officers and directors. J. North Fletcher was re-elected pres., Amory S. Carhart, Frank D. Gaskins and Herman E. Ullman were re-elected vice-presidents; Harold E. Smith, treasurer, and Mrs. James C. Hamilton, secretary. Directors re-elected by the membership were: Alex H. Calvert, Amory S. Carhart, Lieut. Col. George W. Cutting, Randolph G. Duffey, J. North Fletcher, Major Sterling Larabee, Lieut. Francis T. Green, Frank D. Gaskins, Mrs. James C. Hamilton, Harold E. Smith, Mrs. E. Douglas Prime, Mrs. Robert C. Winmill and Herman E. Ullman. While no definite date has been set for the show, it is hoped that conditions will warrant holding it sometime in the latter part of August and the first part of September.

Col. F. N. Richards

Thoroughbred breeders all over the Southwest were deeply shocked this week when Col. F. N. Richards, 87, Brady, Texas, capitalist and stockman, and one of the State's outstanding citizens, died after a six months' illness. He spent over 72 years in the cattle industry, 67 of them right in Brady, where he owned a magnificent ranch embracing 12,350 acres. Seventeen years ago, Col. Richards donated a sixty acre tract, now known as Richards Park, to his home town, and annually Brady holds its nationally famous July Jubilee Race meeting on the track he built.

Southern Pines Active

The next two months are the especially active ones for the horse in this sector. Many army officers from nearby camps will take advantage of the chance to go on drags with the local packs. Families of officers stationed at Fort Bragg, Camp Hoffman, Maxton air base and Knollwood Field are living in this vicinity at this time. Southern Pines has built a horse-show ring and hunter trial course on the Southern Pines Country Club grounds. At present it is intended to hold the 26th Annual Pinehurst Horse Show on April 7. This event will bring in entries from Southern Pines, Camden, Aiken and Tryon.

Letters to Editor

Uncovered Talent

Dear Ed:

Keep up Murdo Morrison's stories; they bring back many a memory of days gone by and men almost forgotten. Those articles make good reading, and this is true of De-Courcy Wright's tales of Ireland.

Foxhunting Lunacy

Continued from Page Ten

mare, in charge of a boy who had caught her, so I got out and remounted, but was too tired and disconsolate to do more than ride quietly along the road. I found another road turning off to the right, which seemed likely to take me in the general direction I wanted to go, and after a weary ride, and an inquiry or two as I progressed, the day came to an end happily enough. I rode over a hill-top and there down in a valley beyond, were a great lot of people and horses, gathered in front of a picturesque little "pub". The hunt was over. Across a brook, which meandered through the valley, hounds were being called by the mellow notes of a horn.

Red coats gave the usual touch of color to the scene which has been reproduced a thousand times in sporting-prints, but never loses its charm, especially with the Irish country for a background. They were all so absorbed in talking, smoking and drinking whatever the pub had to offer, that my arrival was hardly noticed. My daughter saw me, however, and came up with the greeting, "My goodness, I am glad to see you. I thought I would have to go looking for you." She was soaking wet, having fallen in a river, she said. It was not a real river, but what we would call a stream, with deep pools, into one of which, her horse had come down, completely submerging her. She had been fished out by a gallant gentleman, who put her back in the saddle and sent her on her way.

The added weight of her water-soaked clothes must have been very discouraging to her horse, but nevertheless she was not far off when, at the end, they killed, and was in a mood triumphant, having beaten the old man by miles. Many were the tales they had to relate, of horses so tired they could not go another step, of so and so down in a ditch, and so and so did this and that. In due course our horses were taken by grooms, and we were rolling homeward in a car, eagerly looking forward to tea and that blessed hour of ease which supervenes at the end of a sporting day.

Once in Leicestershire I dined with a very fine gentleman, who, after dinner, had one of those semi-circular tables which they use over there, pushed up to the hearth. We drew up to the table, and extended our extremities beneath it so as to get the benefit of the fire where most needed. Excellent port and in abundant supply, while our host entertained us by a brief discourse or recital, the theme of which was that all fox-hunters are crazy. Sometimes I feel that way about it myself, yet it is a pleasant form of lunacy.

You uncovered some Maryland talent I had not even known of there. Was glad to read of Stacy, and the note of Pleas Rogers—two of the best. Congrats also on Charles E. Perkins' California story. This is about the best report of the history of California's Thoroughbreds I have ever read, accurate and conservative, overlooking nothing of import or interest. Sure appreciate getting The Chronicle while scooting back and forth along Florida's beaches where The Horse is coming into his own as an aid to the Beach Patrol. Give an alert patrol man a horse and it is as good as fitting him out with an automatic, self-focussing pair of night glasses.

All best,

Humphrey S. Finney.

Cavalry In Australia

Continued from Page Seventeen

voyages far better than those that were soft. By this I do not mean to say full of oats and ready to race, just constitutionally ready to go do a fair day's work. It might be well for our Remount service to be instructed to "ready" the animals that are intended for such voyages by some work; if it is only given them by the good wranglers at the depots—herding them for several miles a day, with regularity. Slowly at first, but increasing the speed by degrees. I have conditioned ponies for polo in this way in Argentina, it legs them up splendidly. These horses will need to be legged up when they get to their destinations. D. L. H.

Classified Ads

FOR SALE—Very choice Holstein heifers, \$20 each. Non-related bull free with 5 head. Best of breeding. Homestead Farms, McGraw, N. Y., R. No. 2. 2-19 5t ch

FOR SALE—Farmal M Tractor, year 1941, Farmal saw attachment and John-Deere mower. Slightly used. Tel. Mr. E. O'Bannon, 55-W-2, Warrenton, Va., or write Broad Run, Va. 2-19 4t ch

WANTED—Reliable man to assist in teaching riding and help care for horses and tack. Reply to Norman Clarke, 4403 Stanford Rd., Chevy Chase, Md. 2-26 t

WANTED—Two Hackney ponies about fourteen hands for riding and driving with show buggies and tack in exchange for qualified thoroughbred hunter, chestnut, sixteen-three hands, aged 10, blue ribbon winner. C. L. Haywood, Jr., Elkins, N. C. 2-26 4t ch

WANTED—Helper for stable in North Carolina. State age and experience. Reply Box MM, Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 1t ch

WANTED—Experienced farmer to take care of farm and small quality herd of registered Aberdeen-Angus cattle near Towson, Md. Excellent opportunity for right man. Exceptional living conditions provided. T. M. Ramseur, 412 W. Redwood St., Baltimore, Md. 3-12 2t ch

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Excellent chestnut stallion, French Boy, 1933; Epinaud out of Ypres; 15.2½ hands, 1200 lbs. Johnston Farms, McDonald, Tenn. 3-12 2t ch

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The Chronicle wishes to thank the following persons who have submitted lists of prospective subscribers during the past two weeks:

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